

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

—The harvesting of the ice crop from
Spy Pond commenced this morning.

—Preparations for the Grand Army
fair are progressing finely.

—Scarlet fever is still quite prevalent
in town, but most of the cases have
proved light.

—Season tickets for the Grand Army
fair are for sale at the ADVOCATE office.
Price, \$1.00.

—A four-horse sleigh load of lovers of
roller skating visited the Medford Rink,
last Thursday evening.

—Thursday evening there was a meeting
for prayer for colleges at the vestry
of Pleasant street Congregational church.

—Mr. H. W. Berthrong has again
offered to make a picture for any one
selected by vote at the Grand Army
fair. Who shall it be?

—The usual missionary concerts at the
Baptist and Congregational churches, on
Sunday evening, at the usual hours for
service.

—We notice that S. J. Elder, Esq., our
representative to the General Court,
shows to good advantage in the debates
in the House of Representatives.

—Among the notes of busy preparation
for coming events, we hear considerable
in regard to the masquerade in Town
Hall, on the evening of March 4th, by
the Six Odd Associates.

—Our friend W. H. H. Tuttle, Esq.,
was the victim of a sneak thief on Monday
last, two nice overcoats being stolen
from his Boston office.

—Mr. A. D. Kimball, of Tufts College,
will supply the pulpit at the Unitarian
church on Sunday. Subject of morning
sermon, "The Christian Sacrifice."

—Rev. J. P. Forbes has been troubled
with other complications which have hindered
his recovery from the recent attack
of pneumonia. He is now convalescing,
however.

—Owing to the absence of Mr. Clark
at Newport, Vt., where he is to conduct
a musical convention, the Musical Society
rehearsal is postponed until the evening
of February 3d.

—The sessions of Cotting High School
have been interrupted again this week
because of inability to make the building
comfortable with the new heating apparatus.
There seems to have been a large
outlay, to very little purpose.

—The latest addition to the equipment
of Pleasant Street Market is a new pump,
from the establishment of Mr. Charles
Gott. The pump is the most complete in
all the details of any ever run here, and
is not only strongly built, as is the case
with all Mr. Gott's work, but is hand-
somer and painted and attractive.

—The horse attached to a wagon used
for delivering Vienna Yeast, ran away
Monday noon. While stopping at J. H.
Russell's grocery, the horse gradually
worked himself around to Water street
and finding he was free, cut and ran for
all he was worth, on the way knocking
down Miss Josie Whitaker who fortunately
escaped without serious injury. The
horse was not captured till he reached
the Fitchburg depot, in Boston.

—The article on "Drifting" had no
special bearing on the temperance issue,
and was not in mind when the article was
first outlined. The most careless observer
can not fail to have noticed how
Arlington has sailed away with a full head
of steam from all that is desirable in the
matter of control of the liquor traffic
during the past year. There has been
no "drifting" in this direction,—only a
plunge down the rapids.

—Mrs. N. B. Walker, so successful as
a private teacher in literature, etc., has
recently inaugurated a lecture course at
her rooms 327 Marlboro street, Boston,
which has proved highly successful. The
next lecture will be given Feb. 5, at 3
o'clock, p. m., and will embrace some of
the mythologies of the Norsemen, and of
the German house land as identified with
the ancient religion of our forefathers. Mrs.
Walker will be pleased to see Arlington
friends at this course.

—The lecture in the Unity Club course,
last Thursday evening was well attended,
and the lecturer, Rev. J. K. Applebee,
held the close attention of all until the
close. Dickens' power to detect and depict
humbuggery in any form, beneath
any cloak whatsoever, was well shown
as the characteristics of the many such
humbugs unmasked in the works of the
great author were passed to review before
the audience. To the admirer of Dickens
these lectures are a treat, and any not
familiar with his writings will find them
both interesting and instructive. They
are worthy an audience filling the
church.

OUR REPORTER'S WORK IN LEXINGTON.

—The Debating Society meets Tuesday
evening, Feb. 3d.

—Rev. C. A. Staples, will preach at
Waltham next Sunday evening.

—Entertainment of the Amusement
Committee this (Friday) evening, in the
vestry of the Unitarian church.

—When boasting of her water works,
Lexington should remember that she
does not own them.

—The annual meeting of Hancock
Engine Co. will be held next Thursday
evening, at the engine house.

—The ladies of the Baptist society will
hold their circle next Wednesday after-
noon and evening, at Dr. Tilton's.

—The attention of owners of stone
walls is invited to the notice of the Building
Committee of the Episcopal church,
which will be found in another column.

—Mr. A. M. Tucker and family have
gone from Lexington to spend a month
in North Carolina. They left town last
Tuesday.

—Sunday evening, at the First Parish
church, at seven o'clock, the fifth and last
of the series of sermons that have been
given, will be delivered by Rev. George
F. Piper, of Bedford. Subject of address,
"Doctrine of forgiveness."

—On Septuagesima Sunday there will
be service in the chapel of Our Redeemer
(Episcopal). Morning prayer and sermon
at 10.45 a. m. Evening prayer and
sermon at 7.30 p. m. On Monday the
feast of the purification of S. Mary the
Virgin. Morning prayer will be read at
8.30 a. m.

—The McGibeny Family gave one of
their musical entertainments before an
audience of about two hundred, in Town
Hall, on Wednesday evening, charming
all with their remarkable ability as solo-
ists and in combination, and repeated the
same on the following evening before a
much larger number with equal acceptance.

—The Russell House has been crowded
with parties since the sleighing season
opened and there are now many en-
gagements ahead on the books of the
hotel. Mr. Russell's method of treating
friends and chance parties at his pleasant
and comfortable hotel secures for him all
that can be attended to in summer and
winter alike.

—The cutting of the ice on Simonds'
pond commenced on Saturday, and then
work was transferred to Lincoln pond.
The cutting was pushed so vigorously
that Mr. Litchfield had his crop all housed
by Tuesday night. The ice averages
over ten inches in thickness and is of
excellent quality.

—The introduction of water is likely
to work a revolution in fire matters, as
hose companies will alone be required for
fire service where the water mains are
laid. The solution of this problem will
give our town meeting orators a good
chance at the approaching annual meet-
ing.

—The snow plow was on hand and
paths cleared at an early hour Thursday
morning. The streets and walks about
the centre are in an excellent condition,
the snow covering the ground so evenly
and not drifting helped not a little to
dispose of the somewhat heavy fall conveniently.

—The water works as a town institution
are growing in favor, and words of praise
of the water and manner of its introduc-
tion are frequently spoken in our hearing.
We are glad the town has profited by the
experience of other towns, and has secured
the highly desirable result at so trifling
a cost and with no debt.

—Rev. James K. Applebee appeared
before the Unity Club, last Monday evening.
In First Parish church, being greeted
by a good audience that listened with
great pleasure as the lecturer portrayed
the types of true womanhood as found in
the writings of Charles Dickens. The
lecturer has identified himself with the
great novelist by a careful study, the
chief incentive to which must have been
a love for the author, and he seems to us
fully competent to portray the full pur-
pose of Dickens in every light in which
he shows the marvellous word portraits
crowding the pages of the long list of
works.

—The public schools have enjoyed the
customary short winter vacation. The
general examinations closing with that at
the High school, last Friday, and the
School Committee's report will speak of
them as being in a very satisfactory con-
dition. This is especially true of the
High school, which, under the guidance
of Mr. Ham, has come out of the difficul-
ties and has become one of which the
town has reason to be satisfied to an
unusual degree. We trust that the

day of frequent changes of teachers and
the disastrous consequences to the pupils
which has resulted, is now past and that
the classes now will reap the full benefit
of the considerable sums expended an-
nually in their education.

—A lecture will be given this (Friday)
evening, Jan. 30, at eight o'clock, by
Pres. Ladd of the University of New
Mexico, the subject of which will be,
"The seven cities of gold; or the
Spanish invaders of the land of the
Pueblos." It will be in Hancock church.
It will doubtless be remembered that Mr.
Ladd is interested in the university to
which Lexington so generously contribu-
ted an alcove of books to help start a
library. The lecture is free, and all are
cordially invited to be present.

—The Sunday school concert at Han-
cock church, last Sunday evening, was
enjoyable and instructive to a remarkable
degree, — an excellent model at the open-
ing of the year for the other committees
to follow in the programmes of coming
months. In addition to recitations by
the classes there were recitations by Miss
Nellie Wing and Miss Minnie Thayer;
reading by Mrs. Tufts, "Waiting at the
Gates;" duet by Susie and Bessie Muz-
zey; anthem by the choir; address by
Mr. L. J. Wing. The exercises were
under the special charge of Mr. Ham,
principal of the High school, and beside
the points named they were varied with
singing by the school, which showed
marked improvement in this department
of instruction.

—At the annual meeting of the Went-
worth Chemical Engine Co., on Thurs-
day evening, the following officers for the
ensuing year were chosen: — D. A. Dow,
foreman; Geo. Guernsey, asst.; F. C.
Saville, clerk; Robert Britton, steward;
A. J. Adair, engine-man; J. T. Scott,
asst. engine man; Robert Denham, ax
man; W. P. Bowman and Robert Britton,
hose men. The business for the year
was transacted, the members of the com-
pany paid and dues settled up. Every
thing is now in order for the work of the
new year.

—The Coffee Party held on the 29th at
the Baptist church passed off very pleas-
antly, and the refreshment tables looked
specially tempting. The fancy table and
home-made candy table were well pat-
ronized and nearly everything sold. The
sum realized was about \$30. Mrs. Hen-
dley acted as chairman of the fancy table,
and Miss E. F. Whittier filled the same
office on the candy table. The evening
was closed by singing and recitations by
Misses Edna Dow and Florence Harmon.
Rev. E. E. Atkinson, of Cambridge, who
is supplying the pulpit, was present.

EAST LEXINGTON NOTES.

Our people are joyful that Mr. Litch-
field has been enabled to fill his ice
houses.

Quite a number of our people went to
the Calico Party at Arlington and dressed
in costume and had a merry time.

Recently Mr. Thomas Cosgrove, while
gunning in Mr. Fessenden's woods, shot
an owl. Only a portion of his wing was
injured, which enabled Mr. C. to capture
him. He took the bird, which was a
large specimen, to Boston and sold him
for seven dollars.

Last Saturday evening some of the
ladies and misses gave Miss Julia May-
nard, who resides on Maple street, a sur-
prise party. As no little bird had whis-
pered in her ear previous to their arrival,
she enjoyed the pleasure most heartily.
They passed the evening in playing
games and music. The supper was an
enjoyable feature.

Wednesday afternoon Masters Thayer
and Kauffman gave some of their young
friends a pung ride to Winchester. The
sleighing was fine and all had a jolly
time.

Our boys and girls are delighted with
the good coasting this vacation week, and
every moment is improved.

Notwithstanding the extreme cold last
week, on Thursday morning our Gram-
mar school room was filled with parents
and friends who by their presence showed
what a strong element the schools are in
our little village. The committee last
fall ventured to place in this school a
lady as teacher. The change was of
course great, and it remained to be seen
what the result might be. Their selec-
tion of Miss Hall was wise, and she has
won in these four months the respect
and confidence of all. The recitations
were good, and the harmony between
scholars and teacher very noticeable. At
the close of the exercises Mr. Bryant pre-
sented Miss Hall, in behalf of the schol-
ars, a writing desk, as a slight token of
their appreciation of her labors.

At the examination of the High school
on Friday, our village was largely repre-
sented, and all who witnessed the exer-
cises must have felt that there is a radical

improvement since last year. In all the
instruction there is an evident effort to
make text books only the guide, while
the children are taught to think and
prove what they say. The interest taken
in natural sciences is rather remarkable,
and Mr. Staples' suggestion in reference
to furnishing them with more and better
apparatus, we trust will be heeded by the
citizens.

Mr. Fred Brown, in his last home letter,
says he is writing by a fire in the open
grate, it being the coldest day since they
came to Tampa, but the peach, plum,
lemon and mulberry are in full bloom.

If you are prevented from enjoying
dancing and skating by aching corns,
don't suffer any longer, but give Dr.
Kenison a call; 18 Temple place, Boston.
He will attend to them without your suf-
fering any pain.

We have just received from Mrs. Ellen
Stone a Washington paper, which con-
tains an interesting account of a meeting
held in that city under the auspices of
the "Woman's Indian Association." The
object was the improvement of the In-
dian, and there was quite a large number
present from Hampton college, and the
rest of the audience was largely congres-
sional. A petition has been in circula-
tion here the past week for increased
educational privileges for this downtrodden
race.

Thursday evening the social party
came off. The music was furnished by
the Boston City Band, and the people
whirled through the mazes of the dance
with an earnestness which showed they
were determined to improve each mo-
ment. As the supper was an important
feature of this party, it was well patron-
ized. The supper room connected with
this hall is an attractive place, and we
think strangers always award much
praise to the ladies in their efforts to
furnish a good bill of fare.

Rev. Mr. Buck preached last Sabbath
from II. Cor., 12:12. He said: "I pro-
pose this morning to consider the two
standards of character,—the practical and
the conventional. Every person's aim
should be not to be as good as their
neighbors, but as good as they possibly
can be by relying on their own con-
victions of duty. One's character is more
or less dependent on his religion, and
according to their civilization will they
be responsible. Ignorance is the mother
of superstition. The popular standard of
character is liable to be too low. How
much, as we observe society, does a man
forfeit who is known as an egotist and
takes no interest in any philanthropic
movement. Society does not rebuke him
or withdraw its respect from him." He
said that when riding on the cars recently,
two gentlemen were discussing the fail-
ure of a leading business man, and both
agreed it was caused in a great measure
by his interest in the church, as business
and church could not be co-workers.
Civilization lifts up the mass. Those dis-
turbance influences, like capital and labor,
are to disappear in the far distant time,
when men shall every where heed mercy
and justice. We must put ourselves in
the line of progress; assist the forward
march of civilization and the progress of
human culture. Bravely maintain our
part in the line of progress by illustrating
in practice the supremacy of the ideal
standard.

"Stories for Home Folks, Young and
Old," is the attractive title of a pretty volume
by Grace Greenwood, just published. It
starts out with "A True Story of President
Lincoln," which with other war reminiscences
that follow will waken a patriotic glow in the
hearts of readers both old and young; there
are stories of travel in this and other lands;
stories of famous people, of "My First Love-
Letter," "Almost a Ghost Story"—in all
twenty-nine stories, which being written by Grace
Greenwood, who is so well known as one of
the most graceful and captivating writers, will
find joyful listeners everywhere. The volume
is equivalent in size and appearance to the
author's other works heretofore sold at \$1.25,
but being published by the "Literary Revolution"
John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New
York, it is sold for 50 cents. Mr. Alden sends
a 100-page catalogue, descriptive of his im-
mense list of standard and popular works,
free to any applicant.

Publishers of Rutledge's Monthly offer
twelve valuable rewards in their monthly for
February, among which is the following: We
will give \$20.00 to the person telling us the
longest verse in the Old Testament Scriptures
by February 10th, 1885. Should two or more
correct answers be received, the reward will
be divided. The money will be forwarded
to the winner February 15th, 1885. Persons
trying for the reward must send 20 cents in
silver (no postage stamps taken) with their
answers, for which they will receive the
Monthly for March, in which the name and
address of the winner of the reward and the
correct answer will be published, and in which
several more valuable rewards will be offered.
Address Rutledge Publishing Co., Easton, Pa.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

Would you like a poem
On the snow?
I can never write one.
You must go
With the best of microscope
Where the flake,
Lies in sparkling beauty
On the lake.
O'er the crystal waters
As you go,
Read with glass the poem
Of the Snow.

—William Hosea Ballou, in *Home Journal*.

NOT SO EASILY WON.

"You seem comfortably sure of her, Tom."

"Well, why not, my dear Jack, when I've only to ask, and the little lady's mine? I'm immensely taken with her, but I've hung off about—"

The dip of advancing ears drowned the rest of the sentence, but Miss Daisy Campbell in her hammock behind the alders had heard enough to destroy her peace. Fearful of betraying her presence by the movement of a finger, the girl lay rigid as marble, watching with strained eyes two fragrant blue wreaths of smoke gliding past her retreat, till through an opening in the bushes further up the brook she caught a fleeting glimpse of a birch canoe beneath the smoke, and of the smokers, too gay sun-burned youths with guns and fishing-rods. Tom Raymond sat in the stern, tall, handsome Tom, who had but now boasted of his easy conquest of herself. In that moment of wounded pride and fierce indignation Miss Daisy thought that she could have cheerfully seen him drown.

"Oh, she's a daisy," hummed Jack McKean; and as the mocking tenor smote her ear the quivering listener thought she could have seen Jack drown, too—the saucy, idle tell-tale! Why need he proclaim to the birds of the air and the fishes of the water that the lady in question, Tom's little lady to be had for the asking, was no other than herself, Mrs. Blunt's city niece, little Daisy Campbell? How indelicate, outrageous!

And yet the song hurt her far less than Tom's words. If Tom, Tom Raymond, could speak so lightly of her, why might not Jack sing what he pleased, and all Oakland listen? So that was the way Tom was in the habit of talking about her! She had heard before that young men by themselves were excessively free in discussing their lady friends, and now she had proof of the fact. Unmanly, detestable creatures, especially Tom!

"I've only to ask, and the little lady's mine," those were his very words, moaned hapless little Daisy, hiding her hot face among the hammock cushions in an agony of humiliation. She had always felt that if Tom had a fault it was self-conceit, but she wouldn't have believed he could be so conceited as this. What had she said or done to warrant his boastful assertion? She would challenge Aunt Abby, she would challenge Tom's sister, to say that she had ever been silly with Tom. If there had been any silliness, it had been on her side, unless—truthful Daisy winced at the recollection—unless—well, perhaps she did—Tom hold her hand an instant longer than necessary the day he helped her over the fence, and she wished she had not clung to him in the thunder-storm. But at eighteen what girl likes to be a prude? Though, for that matter, had she not more than once during their summer's acquaintance snubbed Tom for trying to make love to her? Still, he'd only to ask, and the little lady was his. That was his version of the story, and he had gloated over it to Jack. Daisy lifted her tousled brown head defiantly, and sat bolt-upright.

"I won't be crushed—I will not!" she cried aloud, dashing her tears right and left. "I'll go to Pinafore to-night just as if I'd overheard nothing, and if he chooses to ask for the little lady, why, he may. She's sure of her own mind at last. She'll have her answer ready."

Springing from the hammock, Miss Daisy walked with martial tread through the garden into the kitchen to help Aunt Abby shell the peas for dinner. "You must have been lying in the sun, child," said that lady, glancing up from the pan in her lap. "It's bad for your eyes and bad for your complexion. I don't believe that's a good place for the hammock."

"It's a horrid place," responded Daisy, falling savagely to work. "I'm going to ask Abram to hang it where it was before."

Abram was the intermittent help of the Blunt establishment, who carried on the farm and came night and morning to milk the cow. From the day she became a visitor in the household he had been Miss Daisy's willing slave, and now that Mr. Blunt was temporarily absent, the honest servant took it upon himself to look in at odd hours—to see if Miss Blunt and that posy-faced little niece of hers needed doing for."

"Maybe fresh butter-milk will help that sunburn," pursued Mrs. Blunt, still misinterpreting the cause of Miss Daisy's heightened color. "I'd try it. You'll hate to go to the falls as red as a holly-cook."

"I hate to leave you alone so late in the evening, auntie," said Daisy, throwing a handful of empty pods at the chickens by the door-stone. "I'm afraid you'll be nervous about the tramp that called this morning."

"Nonsense, my dear; I'm not one of the nervous sort. I always stay by myself nights when your uncle goes to his lodge meetings. If I get tired and sleepy, I lock the doors and go to bed. When I lie on my good ear I can't hear a sound, you know, and your uncle can come in without waking me."

"But how does he get in?"

"Oh, he takes a key; we have two for the front door. There's the extra one over the clock. You'd better have it to-night; then, if I don't feel like sitting up for you, I won't. You won't be likely to get home before twelve."

"Do drive carefully, Tom. Daisy, did you take the key?"

"Yes, Auntie; it's in my pocket."

"Pocket?—can they put pockets in sea-foam?" laughed Tom, tucking the linen lap-robe about the young lady's billowy flounces. "I feel myself quite inadequate to the care of this fluffy elegance, Mrs. Blunt. I do assure you."

"But it's his; he has only to ask and it's all his," thought Miss Daisy, scornfully, as she bade her aunt a gay good-bye.

In the whole region roundabout there was not a lovelier drive than this five miles between Oakland and Oakland Falls. Taking it by moonlight, on a perfect July evening, with a fascinating young lady by his side, and a spirited horse obedient to his will, Tom Raymond mentally acknowledged that the conditions were favorable for enjoyment. He had been planning this tete-a-tete for days; indeed he had gone so far as to formulate certain momentous speeches to be delivered on this occasion, but with the strongest desire to lead the conversation into sentimental channels, he was continually baffled by an intangible something in Miss Daisy's manner. He spoke of a lovely bird he was mounting especially for herself, and she discoursed of the swallows in Aunt Abby's chimney; he hinted at man's craving for affection, and she deplored Abram's craving for drink, he quoted Aurora Leigh, and she cited Mother Goose. She sang nasally like Deacon Shed, mimicked "Squire Eddy's late Fourth of July oration, and, in a word, was as captivating, frivolous and reckless as a heavy-hearted girl well could be. As she passed Grace Raymond in the hall, that young lady whispered to Jack McKean that Daisy Campbell was the belle of the audience.

"With one exception, of course," amended gallant Jack.

Proud, sensitive little Daisy! She pretended to listen to the music, but from Lord Admiral to Little Buttercup the entire company seemed to her to be chanting, "I've only to ask, to ask, to ask—I've only to ask for the little lady."

Her very fan kept time to this refrain. She was thankful when the opera ended. For all that, on the homeward drive she wished herself back in the hall. It was so hard to meet Tom's lover-like gaze with indifference, to school her warm, wayward heart against his tenderness, so precious but yesterday! At first she strove bravely to maintain her former vivacity, but her liveliest sallies fell unheeded. The slogan was in the air, Daisy knew Tom had something particular to say. Ah, well, for that matter, so had she. Clasp her cold little hands together resolutely, she waited in silence.

"Daisy, I've been thinking—"

"Dangerous symptoms, my young friend; let the doctor prescribe."

"I'm going back to the medical school next week, Daisy."

"So soon?"—in a tone of cool regret.

"And I want to ask you, Daisy—"

"I've only to ask, and the little lady's mine," prompted taunting memory, kindling in Daisy's eyes a dangerous fire.

Notwithstanding his vaunted assurance, Tom hesitated over the vital question, fidgeting with the reins till the horse rebelled and started off at a canter. Having soothed the animal's ruffled feelings, Tom began afresh.

"Daisy?"

"Well, Mr. Raymond?"

"Now, Daisy, you promised to call me Tom."

"Did I? It isn't half so pretty a name as Mr. Raymond."

"I'm glad if you like my name, Daisy. I wish you'd take it too keep."

"You're too generous, Tom. I'm not a strong-minded woman. Shouldn't want to be called Mr. Raymond."

"Don't tease, Daisy. You know what I mean. I'm just dying to make you Mrs. Raymond, my beloved little wife."

"I should have to die if you did, Tom. Beloved wives' are always under tomb-stones."

"Do be serious, Daisy. You must know I've been in love with you from the first day I saw you."

"Ah," thought Daisy, with curling lip, "if I hadn't played eavesdropper, what a happy little simpleton I might be!"

"Serious, Tom?" she said aloud.

"I'm literally serious as the grave. You've made my stay at Oakland very pleasant; you've given me glorious drives and sails and I'm no end obliged. But in regard to this new favor you propose to confer upon me, no, no, Tom; I must decline it, thank you."

"Favor! Really, Daisy, I fail to see how I've provoked that sarcasm."

"Let's not talk about it, Tom. Ah, we're nearly home."

"But, Daisy, I must talk about it," pleaded Tom, seizing her hand. "Do you mean you never can care for me? Oh, Daisy, Daisy, don't say it!"

His manner was eager, his tone perilously sweet, though now at the door, he made no movement to alight; it seemed as if he could not let Daisy go till she had promised to love him.

"Don't be absurd, Tom," cried she, almost beside herself with the fear lest she might yield in spite of everything. "I'll never marry you—never! never! Why, Tom Raymond, I'd as soon marry that hen-coop!"

To do Daisy justice, she hardly knew what she said. Bent on convincing her overwise lover that she was not his to be had for the asking, she had hurled the hen-coop into her sentence simply for emphasis. It wounded Tom beyond all expression. To offer himself to a young lady as a husband, only to be rejected by her as a hen-coop—this he felt was too much for human nature to bear. Without further dallying he helped Daisy dismount, and drove away with a curt adieu.

Wretched Miss Daisy gazed after him with lack-lustre eyes, feeling as spiritless as a glass of yesterday's soda water. How angry he must have been to have left her to unlock the door for herself!

And, oh, dear, what ailed the key! Would it never, never turn? Oh, for strong fingers!—Tom's fingers! Presently it dawned upon Daisy that there must be some obstruction in the lock. By the aid of the moon she peeped in at the key-hole and saw the trouble. In locking the door on the inside Aunt Abby had forgotten to remove the key! Daisy pulled the bell frantically till the peals echoed through every room, pulled till it she broke the wire, but no sound of answering footsteps came. Far away in the north chamber Aunt Abby was lying on her good ear, sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

"She never hears anything when she's on her left side," groaned Daisy, "and she may not turn over for the night. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She tossed pebbles against her aunt's casement, and shouted her name again and again; then desisted in sudden terror. What if the tramp were still lurking in the neighborhood, and should appear at her call! She flitted around the house like a midnight ghost, only to find every door and window fast. She looked in at the lighted dining room, and the appetizing lunch awaiting her reminded her that she was faint and had eaten no supper.

Hungry and hopeless at midnight in the country, where tramps were, and where police were not! Here was a situation for a girl delicately reared and naturally timid! The only light to be seen in the village was at Dr. Raymond's, a quarter of a mile away. Daisy knew it must have been left burning for Grace and Tom. Grace could not have been home long, for she and Jack had come the long road by the mill.

"If I can only get there before the lamp goes out!" murmured Daisy, speeding along the street. What could she do better than to beseech the Raymonds to shelter her? She knew no other family so well, and, besides, no other family was awake. After what had passed, she shrank from meeting Tom, but she shrank far more from meeting the tramp whom her excited fancy was perpetually evolving from the shadows. What with fear and haste, she reached the threshold breathless. Pushing open the hall door, little vagrant that she was, she stole in upon Grace, busy in securing the parlor shutters.

"Hush, Grace, don't scream—don't rouse anybody," she cried in a hysterical whisper. "I thought maybe you'd let me sleep with you. I'm locked out."

"Locked out, poor dear?"

"Yes; I'll tell you all about it presently. Can't I go upstairs first? I'm so tired!"

"You're white as a sheet, birdkin. Run up to my room. I'll follow as soon as Tom comes in. He's at the stable feeding Lady."

"Lady?"

"Hasn't Tom told you of his little Lady, the lovely filly Uncle Ezra has given him? She came while we were at 'Pinafore.'"

"His little Lady?"

"Papa thought Uncle Ezra would better keep her till Tom was graduated, but Uncle Ezra, and he said Tom might as well have her at once."

Daisy heard the closing of a distant door, and fled to dream dreams too confused for record.

As she was tiptoeing out of the house in the early morning she came upon Tom, looking glum and sleepless.

"I beg your pardon, Tom, for what I said last night—about the hen-coop, you know," she whispered, in dimpled confusion. "It was awfully naughty. I take it all back."

"And will you take back all the rest, Daisy?" implored Tom, cheered by her blushes.

"Hush! Can't stop, Tom," said she, with an evasive laugh. "I must take myself back now to Aunt Abby."

"You must do no such thing, Daisy Campbell," said Tom, stoutly, his clouded mind precipitately illumined by the coquettish sparkle in her eye. "By your leave, madam, I shall take you back to Aunt Abby myself, and I shall ask her to lock you in next time, and keep you for me. Come, the carriage is ready. We'll ride with the little Lady."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Turkish and Other Baths.

A reporter talking with the famous Dr. Hammond, of New York, asked him if Turkish baths were a good thing for everybody. He sensibly answered that it was another version of the very old proverb that what is one man's meat is another's poison—a universal rule cannot be made to apply to every case. He also disposed of the cranky idea that frequent and thorough washing with soap is injurious:

"Thus the laymen might say that strawberries were always healthful, but the physician knows that the generally harmless strawberry, when eaten by certain persons, will produce a most violent eruption of the skin. I am justified in saying, then, that the Turkish bath is generally beneficial, although I have known cases in which a serious derangement of the body's functions has resulted from a single bath."

"In what cases are the baths most injurious?" "In all cases where there is a tendency to heart disease. Men have died in the bath from the aggravation of this trouble produced by it. No one should enter the hot room for the first time without having had his heart examined by a physician."

"Are you a patron of the Turkish bath?" was the next question. "I used to frequent them," was the reply; "but of late have contented myself with a cold bath every morning. I find that the best both for health and cleanliness."

"Would you recommend that for a person of slight physique?" asked the reporter with a glance at the doctor's stalwart figure. "I would recommend it for every one with whom it agrees. That is the test of common sense and medical science. If you remain blue and cold after a bath, don't take it again while in the same state of health. If, on the other hand, your system reacts, the effect is entirely beneficial. If you pin me down to generalization, I should say that the tepid bath is the most beneficial to the majority of people. The hot bath should never be taken in one's house."

When handed a long newspaper clipping in which it was laboriously proven that the curse of this age was a too free use of soap and water, the people of the temperate regions growing weak and short-lived under its application, while the natives of the north lived to a good old age, encased in dirt and train oil, the doctor characterized it as "an elaborate argument built upon false premises."

"A person should wash once a day," he continued, "with soap; for without soap the skin will shed water like the plumage of a duck. Indulgence in a Turkish bath should not be as frequent, owing to its weakening tendencies. It is preposterous to say that the inhabitants of the North outlive those of the South. The Equimaux are a very short-lived race, while the negroes are at the other extreme. Witness the number of colored nurses who dandled the father of his country on their knees, and still live to tell the tale."

THE CURSE OF GUTEAU.

PRONOUNCED BY THE ASSASSIN UPON THE SCAFFOLD.

How the People Who Were Prominent at the Trial Prosper Under the Legacy.

For some weeks past, says a Washington letter in the *Chicago News*, a paragraph has been floating about the country setting forth the fact that Guitau's curse which he pronounced upon the scaffold has fallen with baneful effect upon a number of those who were connected with his trial and execution. Last evening the *News* correspondent directed the attention of General Crocker, the warden of the jail, to the article, and asked him how much truth there was in the statement. "It is utterly without foundation, and is as flimsy and unsubstantial as a figment of the imagination as could well be devised," replied the general. "There were probably fifty persons more or less directly connected with Guitau's imprisonment. Nineteen of these were the guards and prison attaches were Guitau was confined. Twelve were members of the jury, and the remainder, including Judge Cox, were officers of the court, government counsel, and others. Three of these gentlemen have died since the hanging of Guitau, but when it is remembered that most of these people were men of middle age or even older, it is a matter of surprise that so few should in the course of nature have passed away. Policeman Fowler has been mentioned as one upon whom the curse has fallen with particular violence. Fowler was killed a few months ago by a prisoner whom he was attempting to arrest. As a matter of fact, he had no more to do with the trial than any of a dozen newspaper men who were present from day to day. He was sometimes detailed for duty at the court room, but beyond that he had no connection whatever with the proceedings. Dr. Noble Young, the jail physician, who died recently, is another victim. Dr. Young died calmly in his bed at the advanced age of eighty-two years, and the only wonder is that he lived so long, as he had been a constant sufferer from kidney troubles for the past decade. The last of these alleged unfortunates is juror Pettibone, but as you may remember, Pettibone was sick during the course of the trial, and a post-nepentem occurred several times on his account. His death, which followed a few months later, can hardly be coupled with any curse Guitau might have uttered."

"Does it not appear to you, general," interrupted the correspondent, "that, so far from the people who surrounded Guitau being cursed, the very opposite proves to be the case?"

"That is the very suggestion I was going to make. Colonel Corbhill, the United States district attorney who had charge of the case, has fallen heir within the past eighteen months to a fortune variously estimated at from \$70,000 to \$100,000, and is to day more prosperous and wealthy than ever before. His assistants, Messrs. Davidge and Porter, are well and happy and enjoy a large practice in this city and New York. Sergeant Mason, who attempted to kill Guitau by firing into his cell and in fact narrowly missing the assassin, is living in peace and retirement on his farm in Virginia, purchased with the \$7,000 contribution which was raised by voluntary subscription during his confinement in the Albany penitentiary. Prior to this Mason had drawn a salary of \$17 a month as an under-sergeant in the regular army, while his wife had helped support the family by taking in washing and performing other menial services. They are rich to-day beyond their wildest expectations. But for Guitau they would still be living a hand-to-mouth existence. Bill Jones, the avenger, as he was facetiously called, who, in a drunken frolic, also attempted Guitau's life, pursues his vocation as a farmer just across the Maryland border, and finds great comfort in the thought that his name will be linked with that of the assassin of Garfield by the historian of future ages. The eleven jurymen who survive Mr. Pettibone are all leading contented and peaceful lives, and the same may be said of the prison attaches. Perry Carson, the tall, good-looking negro who drove the prison van from the jail to the courthouse, became a figure of such importance during the trial that his admiring colored friends of the district sent him as a delegate to the Republican convention at Chicago. He is now the proprietor of a flourishing liquor-saloon near the Pennsylvania avenue railway station, and has a substantial sum to his credit in one of the local savings banks. He never probably earned \$50 a month before the shooting."

Mrs. Garfield, as you know, is worth half a million of dollars. President Arthur has lived to finish his term as chief magistrate. So you see there's nothing in Guitau's curse. The people who fell under his displeasure seem to have prospered, while, so far as I am able to judge, it has injured no one."

"What disposition of Guitau's body was made?"

General Crocker, who had been talking with great glibness, began pulling his beard nervously, and when he replied did so with evident embarrassment. "I can't answer that question," he replied. "Why not? Is there any mystery connected with it?"

"There are but two other people in the world who know the place of Guitau's burial. There are reasons why it should be kept a secret."

"But his skeleton is said to be on exhibition at the medical museum?"

"If people choose to believe so, that don't prove its correctness, does it?"

"No; but why should you object to enlighten men?"

"Men at Washington, higher and mightier than I, desired that the secret of his grave should die with those of us who performed the interment. I do not think the exact place of his burial will ever be known to another living soul."

There was the same mystery about John Wilkes Booth's last resting place. Years afterward it was discovered that he had been buried in the basement of the United States arsenal, where the remains had been deposited in quicklime and almost entirely destroyed. Within recent years the few bones that remained were disinterred at his brother Edwin's request, and now rest in the family vault of the Booths at the cemetery in Baltimore.

WISE WORDS.

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Nothing is so dangerous as that self-sufficiency which comes from comparing ourselves with companions who are inferior to us.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and we never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

When we become exclusively absorbed in one pursuit, however legitimate it may be in itself, it draws the mind and interests away from all other things, and causes us to neglect them, though some of them may be distinctly defined duties as it is.

Brailles of Madagascar.

Lieutenant Shufeldt, of the United States navy, who recently crossed Madagascar from east to west, accomplishing what few white men and no American had done before, said in a recent lecture about the island and his explorations there:

"Madagascar is the third largest island on the globe. Its area covers 230,000 square miles; being 1,000 miles long, and averaging in breadth 230 to 400 miles. It is four times the size of Great Britain. The interior gives the observer a potent sense of silent and majestic vastness. It exhibits some of the grandest specimens of nature's handiwork, consisting of mountain peaks, plains and forest cataraacts and waterfalls. Around the area coast stretches a dense belt of tropical forest, the home of malarial and deadly fever; the abiding place of savage and barbarous people, and of richly plumed birds. The chief river, the Siveboughe, is the size of the Ohio, and shows some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, thunderous waterfalls and cataraacts bordered by primeval forests."

The speaker said he thought this river would prove navigable and might be made the highway for the products of the interior, ebony, sugar, rice, and other articles of commerce, in quantities sufficient to make it "the El Dorado of the Eastern seas." The climate he described as variable. In the interior it is equable and temperate, frequently reminding one of a New England autumn, but about the sea coast it is always warm and unwholesome. He estimated the population at 5,700,000, embracing many races of men varying in color, physique and civilization. The principal tribe, the Hovas, are men of Malay origin, with fair complexion, bright and sparkling eyes, aquiline noses, numbering about 900,000, and far in advance of the rest of the inhabitants in intelligence and the arts of civilization. The women are often handsome. Some of these advantages can be attributed to climate, the region inhabited by them averaging 4,550 feet above the sea level, and affording a bracing atmosphere. Next in importance and intelligence he placed the Betsileo tribe, the men possessing lithe and active frames, but the women, unlike the Hova women, are seldom or never handsome. The Barra people, in the southern part of the island, are distinguished by their lack of ennobling qualities. The morality of the Barra, said Lieutenant Shufeldt, might thus be summed up: "Give me my gun and my spear, my rum and my wives, and my oxen; let me steal, plunder and destroy everybody; let nobody molest me, and I care not who is my king."

A Man's Frame Reduced to Solid Bone.

A peculiar case, and one of great interest to the medical profession, is described herewith. It is that of Jonathan Bass, of Lewiston, about fifty years old, who has been afflicted with ankylosis for thirty-six years, and whose joints are now all immovable and his frame reduced to solid bone. For twenty-seven years he has reclined upon an invalid's bed, without the ability to move, and has been blind since 1869 from constant use of his eyes to read during his enforced confinement. His disease started in 1848, when he was a young lad eighteen years of age, living in Lockport. He did more or less work until 1857, constantly growing worse, until that year he was placed upon an invalid's bed, where he now lies, and, in fact, which he has never left since that time. He fed himself, however, until 1865, when his jaws like his other joints, became set and immovable, and he has since been fed with a spoon. He has a very hearty appetite, eats almost everything, and has a good digestion. He also converses easily and intelligently upon all subjects with which he is acquainted.

Every part is now perfectly ankylosed, or grown into solid bone, and his backbone is rigidly fixed, his arms are set at his side, and only five inches round at their largest part, while his legs are solid bone, eight and one-half inches round at the thigh. The bones of his fingers and toes have become absorbed, however, and have disappeared, leaving the flesh soft and plastic. He only weighs seventy pounds. His vital organs are in good order, and he may live for several years to come.

Doctors say this is a case without comparison in this or any other country.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Journal*.

RULES FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

Wouldst thou be a happy liver,
Happy and studious to enhance
The glory of the great Life-Giver,
Lunch not thy boat to drift at chance
Where strong floods roll and wild waves dance

On life's broad-rushing river.
Live as a man and count it treason
To man to live divorced from reason;
Prove your ground and know your game,
And ply your task with stout endeavor,
Nor court praise, nor fearing blame,
Know your own worth and know not less
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness;
And where he works well let him do
The work that might be spied by you.
Make a good friend where'er you can;
Not wise is he who hath no eyes
To know how fools may help the wise;
With loving deeds bind man to man,
But never shrink with blinking eye
From what they only learn you try;
And though you stand alone, in sight
Of God be bold to hold the right.
March bravely on and if you stumble
Never groan and never grumble;
Rise again with wise forgetting;
Wounds were never saved by fretting;
Watch your chance and know your hour
An let the moment feel your power;
Shape your path and keep your rule
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools
'Tis dull to wait and hard to stand,
But God's time comes with high command,
That claims the service of your hand.
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,
Oft sought for at a school in a college;
Split the rock and turn the soil,
With busy hands cast honest seed,
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed
And let the seasons wait on God!

—John Stewart Blackie, in *Leisure Hour*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early riser—Yeast.

A wet day—Wash day.

The dark cages—Dungeon cells.

A man need not necessarily be possessed of musical ability to strike a liar.—*Boonington Eye*.

None of our dentists have yet evinced enough enterprise to advertise "Mighty teeth a specialty."—*Norristown Herald*.

A little New Hartford three-year-old boy, in admiring his baby brother, exclaimed, "He's got a boiled head, like papa."

The fact that the poet is born, not made, relieves our educational system from a serious responsibility.—*Boston Courier*.

A New York woman ate a porous plaster instead of applying it in the usual way. Her neighbors declared she was a terribly stuck-up thing.—*Blizzard*.

They are experimenting at Staten Island with some new cannon. These cannon have the latest style of breeches, with four pockets, and are very killing.—*Local Courier*.

Miss Angelica: I suppose you have been going out a great deal lately, Mr. McFamish? "No, I have only been to one dinner in two weeks." "Dear me! You must be hungry."

"I am surprised, John," said an old lady when she found the butler helping himself to some of the finest old port. "So am I, ma'am. I thought you had gone out." "Was the reply."

The true use of a porous plaster, according to a Milwaukee druggist, is "to retain the back in its proper place and let the pain crawl out through the holes."—*Neuman Independent*.

"Have you any 'home ties?' asked a lady of a young man whose appearance indicated dissipation. "Oh, yes (hic) home ties, lots of 'em, g-g-got a mother-in-law!"—*Carl Prezel's Weekly*.

THE MANIAS OF MADMEN.

THE MANY STRANGE FORMS OF ILLUSIONAL INSANITY.

A Medical Expert's Experience. Some Representative Cases—Effects of Solitary Confinement.

"Illusional insanity! Why, certainly there is such a thing," said Dr. D. D. Richardson to a Philadelphia Times reporter. "Nothing more certain. And no species of insanity is more easily or more commonly feigned. At the same time the subjects of that variety of mania are often the most difficult to prove insane. I remember the case of a man named Frank Devlin who was brought to me. His family assured me he was insane. I had him in my charge for several days, but failed to discover his weak point until one day his son, I think it was, came to me and told me that Devlin had invented an infernal machine with which he hoped to blow up the house in which an objectionable neighbor lived.

"Now, this neighbor lived in the same house as Devlin did, and was his own lodger. I questioned him about this story. He told me that the neighbor was in a conspiracy with his (Devlin's) wife, and that when he paid her for his weekly board she gave it to him back, and so robbed her husband. Mrs. Devlin was quite an old woman and was held in good estimation among the neighbors, but they could none of them believe in Devlin's insanity.

"Consequently their indignation at his confinement became so troublesome to her that she took him home. He had not been home a week when one evening the lodger was shutting up the shutter, and Devlin, who was sitting on the steps, drew a pistol and shot him through the heart. When his trial came off I had to testify. He called me to the dock and whispered:

"Now, don't you try to prove me insane, because I am not, you know."

"But they will hang you if I don't."

"Oh, no, they won't; it was necessary to rid the earth of such a man; they won't hang me."

"Well, he was found insane, of course, and was sent, I think, to Norristown. To show how this kind of insanity may be feigned, the case of Solomon Squires will do for an example. He followed his wife to church and shot her in the back. Insanity was set up as a plea, but he was sentenced to death. While awaiting the execution of his sentence his friends did all they could to procure a commutation. In the meantime he pretended to be suffering from melancholia, refused food, read his Bible from morning till night, and went through all the usual symptoms. His sentence was commuted. On the day that the news was brought to him he was sitting in the corner of his cell reading, when the warden said:

"Squires, your sentence is commuted."

"He jumped up, flung the Bible to the other end of the cell, and danced a jig with delight.

"I'd sooner spend two lives in a penitentiary," he cried, "than be hanged."

"Emotional insanity is a common cause of murder. I remember a case of a man named Thayer. He had been three times confined for mania-a-potu, and was an habitual drunkard. For this reason his wife left him and went to live with her brother. One evening Thayer went to the house, asked her if she would return to him, and on receiving a reply in the negative shot her through the head. He was dazed and stupid when taken to the police station, and showed no consciousness of having committed a crime. His former employer was at first much incensed against him, as were, indeed, the whole police.

"Before he was brought up for trial, however, his employer, who had reflected on the case, and in consideration of former services, and remembering many little occasions when his actions had suggested some brain disorder, decided to procure the best counsel possible to defend him.

"I was a witness. The prisoner was found insane and acquitted. His old employer did all he could for him, sent him to Cuba and found work for him there. But he was of no use; his brain was quite gone. After a while he found his way to Boston, where he died of dementia in a hospital.

"Solitary confinement and the dark cell! Yes, sometimes it is productive of insanity, but in how many instances does the insanity exist before the criminal is confined? That is where the difficulty exists in making a diagnosis for a jury. A physician may be perfectly convinced of the insanity of the criminal but the absence of proof renders him incapable of convincing the jury.

"The causes of insanity are varied, and the origin of the causes are equally varied and obscure. A genuine lunatic does not like to be thought one, but careful questioning and patient observation will discover the weak place in nine cases out of ten.

"In the tenth case the cleverest and most skillful observer is often baffled, until by some accident frequently the patient develops the necessary symptoms which goes to prove the wanting element in his or her mental organ."

Boarding in New Orleans.

The antique and the modern seem to be beautifully blended in the New Orleans exposition boarding-house. Family life, says a letter, is a delightful revelation to the Northern boarder whom social exigencies admit into many pleasant circles. It is an odd combination of the luxuries of the past and the necessities of the present. The coffee urn is an elegant piece of family silver, the sugar bowl is of yesterday, and cost twenty cents. Your hostess—landlady never occurs to one—wears one silk dress, and her grandmother's diamonds. There are carpeted darts in the drawing-room, but the rosewood furniture cost \$1,500. Dinner is a much more elaborate affair than with us, and consists largely of dishes of which one partakes with that deliberation strange edibles never fail to inspire in the breast of the alien. The other day I was invited to partake of brains? "Beef brains," m., said the dusky Phyllis at my elbow, seeing me look aghast, with a lucent grin that made me love her on the spot.

One of the finest printing houses in the world is in Constantinople.

Royal Fruit of the Li-Chi Tree.

Its history dates from 140 B. C., when the Emperor Wati endeavored to introduce it from Anam, its native habitat, into his garden at Chang-an. Hundreds of plants were brought to China for many successive years, but they all failed to acclimatize, and it was found useless to make any further efforts. This fact, however, only increased the value of li-chi, which in 200 B. C. was sent as a tribute from Anam to the Emperor Kao-tsu at a frightful cost of human life. As the fruit only keeps fresh for ten days at the most, and it was necessary that it reached Chang-an in good condition, relays of men were required to run at full speed, bearing a load of li-chi, and in this forced travel the majority of them broke down through sunstroke by day and the attacks of serpents, and wild beasts by night. In the middle of the eighth century the Princess Wang, whose appetite for li-chi was unappeasable, established a pony express and this also was carried out at a great sacrifice of horseflesh. The Princess Wang was not peculiar in her liking for li-chi, for although the medical men of the time considered them as heating, persons have been known to eat a thousand a day. The poet Su Tung-po, who was in exile at Canton, allowed himself the moderate quantity of 500 per diem, and wrote a poem in their favor, declaring that they were delicious enough to reconcile a man to eternal banishment; moreover, it is stated in the "Genii Records" that there were individuals who from having attained immortality by using its flowers and fruits, are called li-chi genii. Kohung, a great authority among the Taoist philosophers, praised it unceasingly as a "marrow tonic," but, notwithstanding his constant use of it, he died at eighty-one under some uncertainty, as to whether he had become a li-chi genus or not. Perhaps some of these attributes may be accounted for by the fact that the li-chi tree does not come to maturity until it is fifty years old, but, once begun, it will continue to bear fruit for 500 years, while its timber keeps sufficiently sound for use for nearly 1,000 years. With such virtues, one ought scarcely to speak of its minor good qualities, which are of value in hastening small-pox pustules, and as a tropical application for boils, swellings and toothache. It is singular in its habits of growth, being found in China growing on the hills in Kwangsi and in the plains in Kwang-tung, but in all cases at a distance from water. For the first five years it requires to be protected from cold, being remarkably sensitive to frost and electricity, which is very prejudicial to it, so much so that a thunder-storm will cause the flowers and fruit to be small. It is singular that when the fruit is cut it should at once be taken from the tree, otherwise the birds and bats will make a clean sweep of it, although they will not touch it as long as it remains upon the tree uncut.—North China Herald.

In His Name.

In 1864 some wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah valley. Mrs. B—, the mother of one of them, the wife of a neighboring planter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing with her such little comforts as she could obtain. Her house was burned, and the plantation was in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried to him a pipkin of beef-tea. Every drop was precious, for it was with great difficulty, and at a high price, that she had obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry eye of a man on the next cot.

She turned away with a quick, savage pleasure in his want. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very band who had burned her home.

She was a bitter secessionist. But she was a noble-hearted woman, and a servant of God. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face, and she remembered the words of her Master: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

After a moment's pause, and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command for her to do it, she filled a bowl with broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words: "For His sake; for His sake; for His sake I do it."

Then she brought fresh water and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gentle as if he too had been her son. The next day when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a Senator from one of the Northern States brought home, during the Christmas vacation, as his chum, a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B—, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the latter years of the war.

She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain a position, and was now supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank became much interested in this young Virginian, inquired into his qualifications, and after he had returned home used his influence to procure an appointment for him, as chief of the staff of engineers, employed to construct an important railway. It would yield him a good income for many years.

Sensor Blank enclosed the appointment in one to Mrs. B—, reminding her of the farm-house on the Shenandoah, adding, "The wounded man with whom you shared that bowl of broth has long wished to thank you for it. Now he has done it."—Youth's Companion.

Fast Growing Trees.

The catalpa twigs which were set out by the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad company two years ago, are now about three inches in diameter, and in three years more will be large enough for cross-ties. Some five years ago a Lawrence (Mass.) gentleman planted a few catalpa seeds, and now has several beautiful trees fully eight feet tall, which this year blossomed for the first time. Catalpas have recently been set out in the Boston Public Garden, and large numbers of them are being raised in Iowa, the idea being to use the wood for fence rails. These trees grow so rapidly that the matter of raising them from the seed or twig is well worthy of the attention of all interested in forestry.

Facts Worth Knowing.

There are 2,750 languages. A square mile contains 640 acres. A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds. The average human life is 31 years. The first steel pen was made in 1830. A barrel of flour weighs 186 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. A span is ten and seven eighth inches. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Watches were first constructed in 1476. A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The value of a ton of silver is \$37,704.84.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Coaches were first built in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds avoirdupois.

Until 1776 cotton-spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

One million dollars of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1537.

Measure 208 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

Not Tempted.

About forty years ago, a rich and eccentric man died in Paris, leaving a library worth six hundred thousand francs. "plus," as he added in his will, "three hundred and sixty thousand francs in gold, bank notes and public stock. They will be found somewhere." The heirs turned the house inside out, but not a coin or a bank note could they find.

"It has been stolen," they said, and employed Paul Lacroix, a scholar, who died recently at the age of seventy-six, to catalogue the library. This anecdote, associated with his work, brings out the fact that a man who is thoroughly honest feels no temptation to dishonesty.

One day Paul Lacroix, while removing some books, fancied that a shelf of one of the bookcases produced a creaking, metallic sound, not to be accounted for by its construction. He removed the shelf, and found the secret hiding-place, in which, sure enough, the three hundred and sixty thousand francs were snugly ensconced.

Lacroix called the lawyer, who was in the next room. "I have found the hiding place."

"Which hiding-place?"

"The hiding-place of the money; here it is, and the money in it."

The lawyer stood aghast. He began to stammer something about sublime honesty, etc.

Lacroix interrupted him with a "My dear sir, say no more about it; it is many years since I learned to spell."

He meant to convey that probity came to him as naturally as orthography.—Youth's Companion.

"Smug Mugs."

A Philadelphia paper asserts that a round and absolutely hairless face is the newest wrinkle in fashionable society. For the present the mode is confined to the most exclusive sets, but of course it will be only a few months until the fashion is taken up by the aspiring youths of every circle. The innovation has been given an unusually strong impetus by the fact that Mr. Lawrence Turnure, Jr., the vivacious leader of all the Germans in New York, has come out with a face as modest and bare as the new Episcopal monks. His example is quite as forcible in his set as that of the Prince of Wales in London, and it is not surprising, therefore, that, though the season is still young, he nevertheless has many followers. But now that the movement for "smug mugs," as a Fisher of Rhode Island termed it, has set in the gilded Quaker City youths find much to console them for the sacrifice of their mustaches in the thought that they are following in the path of the progeny of the Scottish and Welsh monarchs. Women don't take kindly to the fashion. Above all things they do like a mustache, and more than one pair of bright eyes at the gatherings express a longing for the air of smartness and bravado that a little line of silky down beneath the nose used to give some favorite countenance, now, alas! all unadorned. But there is no help for it. Fashion says "smooth mugs," and "smooth mugs" it is to be, for a season at the least.

A Novel Cure For Hiccough.

A young Estonian, while sitting in a restaurant, was seized with a violent attack of hiccoughs, which resisted all the remedies his friends could think of. When the proprietor went out into the bar-room and tapped a glass of beer and got a large carving knife and came in with the knife concealed behind him. He held the beer up to the man's mouth and suddenly drew out the knife and jammed it down in front of his face into the beer and ordered the sufferer to drink. The unusual proceeding on the part of the landlord so frightened the fellow that he could not at first drink, but he finally drained the glass, leaving nothing in it but the carving knife, and it had the effect of entirely curing him of his hiccoughs.—Easton (Penn.) Express.

The Wealth of the Country.

In 1860 the wealth of the United States was equivalent to \$815 per capita; in 1880 it was \$940 per capita. In New England the wealth to each person was \$610 in 1860 and \$1,235 in 1880. In the Middle States it was \$325 per capita in 1860 and \$1,430 in 1880. In the Southern States the rate per capita in 1860 was \$295 and \$299 in 1880. This falling off is due to the emancipation of the slaves and the losses by the war. In the Western States the rate per capita in 1860 was \$450 and in 1880 \$350. Exclusive of roads and public lands, the per capita wealth of the whole country was \$535 in 1860 and \$880 in 1880.

A Late Scientific Writer Well Says That Every State in the Union Should Have an Officer whose Business It Should Be to Study Insect Injuries and Benefits.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Humility and children go together in Germany. The usual formula for advertising births in the papers is as follows: We most humbly announce the birth of a hardy boy. We most humbly announce the birth of a fine boy and a lively girl.

The latest decorative stone is petrified wood, of which a large deposit has recently been discovered in Mexico. The trees are cut in layers like veneering, all highly polished, and make marble tops which are as useful as they are ornamental.

Boys on the edge of the Maine wilderness earn pocket money by collecting spruce gum. The business is so extensive that agents are sent through the villages to buy it. The first class article sometimes brings the boys as much as \$1 a pound.

At an egg eating match at Petersburg, Canada, a short time since, one man ate forty-one eggs and the other forty. The eggs were raw and taken from a basket in a grocery store. The basket was emptied, and the winner said he could eat a dozen more.

Of the 34,000 newspapers of the world nearly 32,000 are published in Europe and North America, leaving a little over 2,000 for all the rest of the world. South America only issues sufficient to allow each of its inhabitants three newspapers a year—exhibiting the curious contrast in this, as in all else, between the great Northern and Southern continents.

In 1788 the captain of a vessel in Boston seized three colored persons, took them to the West Indies and sold them there for slaves. The event caused the legislature of Massachusetts to pass a law to prevent the slave trade in that State, and for granting relief to the families of such persons as may be kidnapped or decoyed from the Commonwealth.

Swimming birds, which constitute one-fourteenth of the entire class, form one-half the whole number in Greenland. As we approach the tropics the variety and number of land birds increase. Those of the torrid zone are noted for their brilliant plumage, and the temperate zones for their more sober hues but sweeter voices. India and South America are the richest regions. Hummers, tanagers and orioles are restricted to the New World. Parrots are found in every continent except Europe, and woodpeckers occur everywhere, save in Australia.

The Boy Who Stood on the Burning Deck.

Few but know the very pretty piece of poetry by Mrs. Hemans, "Casabianca," commencing: "The boy stood on the burning deck." The poetess states that the lad was the son of the admiral commanding the flagship L'Orient, which took fire and exploded; that young Casabianca perished in the explosion, refusing to quit the position allotted him by his father, pending the battle of the Nile. I have been looking into the official account of the incident, says a Paris letter to the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser. The admiral was Bruys, who was wounded in the head and hand early in the action. He continued to give orders until cut in two by a cannon ball; he uttered the request to be allowed to expire on deck, which he did in the course of some minutes.

Citizen Casabianca, the father of the poetic hero, then took command; his son was a middy, but only aged ten, not thirteen. At that period lads entered the navy very young. Casabianca was also a deputy. Pending the action his son was by his side; the father was mortally wounded in the head by a splinter and became insensible; he gave no instructions to his son, but the latter would not the less quit his wounded parent. By this time the ship was on fire. Several of the sailors had left and saved themselves on spars till picked up by the English boats. Aided by the purser young Casabianca and his father were lowered down on a piece of a mast floating by, but they had only got a short distance from the 120-gun Orient when she blew up, and nothing more was seen of the Casabiancas.

But the noblest thing that perished there was that young, faithful heart.

Stewart's Marvelous Memory.

Stewart was the typical tradesman of modern times. He was the tradesman everywhere, at church, at his club, at home. He never forgot the most trifling details of his business; he knew and remembered the pattern of every piece of goods that had ever been on his shelves.

Stewart belonged to the Century club, although he rarely visited its rooms. The club once bought a carpet of his people, and when it had been down for several months Stewart happened to come in. He seemed to be greatly interested in the carpet, studying it attentively.

"Where did you buy that?" he demanded at last of one of the house committee.

"At your place, I believe."

"Impossible!" rejoined the millionaire. "We never had the pattern in stock."

"We have had a pattern exactly similar, except that those little violet flowers were white."

The committeeman took the trouble to hunt through his vouchers, and produced a receipted bill of A. T. Stewart & Co. Mr. Stewart shook his head.

"There is some mistake," he said; "the little flowers on your carpet were white."

It was found on investigation that the little flowers had been white—so offensively white and spotty to the eyes of some of the aesthetic members of the club that Louis had carefully gone over them with a stiff brush dipped in violet ink.

Snail Farms.

"Snail farms" have been introduced in Switzerland, where many gardens round Davos and Landquart in the Grisons are used for the sole cultivation of the delicacy. Children gather the snails off the hedges in summer and place them on bushes in the farms. There they are fed on refuse vegetable leaves, and surrounded by a thick barrier of sawdust, which prevents their escape. When the cold weather comes the snails, grown fat, bury themselves in the sawdust to begin their long winter sleep, but they are soon collected and sent off to Italy to be sold for 14s. and 16s per basket of two cwt.

Divers in the Vicinity of Gibraltar have so far found 102 large guns.

THE MATRIMONIAL NOOSE.

STORIES OF UNUSUAL WEDDING OCCURRENCES.

Marrying the Man who Missed the Target—Took the Conductor—An Accommodating Minister, Etc.

All the back counties have not been heard from, but they don't need to be so far as activity and variety in the matrimonial market are concerned. There is the daily elopement with the coachman to begin with, and weddings of every sort calculated to suit the taste of everybody.

A young woman in Central New York has just married a man she didn't mean to marry. It came about very much as in the case of the young woman at sea who was plagued almost to death by three lovers. She appealed to the ship's captain, and he advised her to jump into the water and marry the one who came to her rescue. She did so, and two jumped after her. She was just as much puzzled as ever when the captain settled it by advising her to "take the dry one." The New York young woman was in a like dilemma, or rather trilemma, and agreed to marry the one who would hit the center of the target. Two of them touched the "bull's eye," whereupon she turned about and married the one who missed.

A Georgia girl made an appointment with her lover to meet her at the railroad station and elope with her. She was there promptly on time. So was the train. But in place of the lover came a messenger from him, to the effect that he was afraid to run away with her. The indignant girl at once made arrangements with the conductor, who carried her off in his train and married her at the end of his "run."

Another Georgia girl, much under age, ran off with her lover, but the clergyman refused to unite them on account of the penalty for marrying a minor. No time was to be lost, as the angry father and brother were on their tracks. The quick-witted girl immediately proposed an adjournment to a field about half a mile away, where three counties joined, and so at midnight, with his feet astride of the boundaries, so as to confuse the jurisdiction of the counties, the accommodating clergyman, who wanted his fee, made them one.

A plump and pretty hired girl out in Colorado, having read all about the coachman's weddings, passed herself off on the newly hired coachman as the daughter of the house. He was captured at once, stood under her window and received her in his arms, ran away and got married. Their employer followed them to find out what had become of some harness. When the girl saw him she threw herself at his crying: "My father! My father!" "What said the surprised man?" "What's all this? I want my harness." The coachman has a wife whom he will dispose of on the most favorable terms.

Not so amusing was a wedding in Kentucky, where some tobacco growers were invited to be present and who came to it drunk. The fun began by kicking over a card table and ended after two or three had been shot or stabbed. In Missouri a bride and groom were about to undergo the ceremony when the husband of one of the guests came in, the worse for liquor, and ordered her home. She was about complying, but her husband, evidently not having got as much "fun" out of the affair as he thought it capable of yielding, began to abuse the company. The gentleman of the house asked him to desist. This impertinent interference with his amusement provoked him into drawing a pistol and shooting the gentleman. The wounded man was carried into the next room, where his wife lay very ill. She at once went into convulsions and both lives were despaired of. These little preliminaries settled, the wedding ceremony went on, but they drew the line somewhere, and after that the guests went away leaving the feast untouched.

After a wedding in Ulster county, New York, some of the people indulged in what is known as an "old fashioned skimelton." It was 8 o'clock, and the marriage ceremony was not finished when a crowd outside blew their horns, fired shot guns and threw stones on the roof. The house was riddled with buckshot, cannon were fired, a musket was pointed at the head of the bride's father, the bride was insulted and the road filled up with heavy timber which the bridegroom had to go out and cut away with an ax before the minister could go home. The genial souls who made things so lively for the young couple and welcomed them so heartily to the ranks of the blessed, were tried for it. But as their performance was decided to be only "an ordinary country skimelton," they were acquitted by a jury of their countrymen.

At a Tennessee wedding the bride was not only pretty well advanced in years but deaf at that. Her new husband kissed her so loud and long after the ceremony that something "gave way" inside her head, and she heard for the first time in thirty years. She recovered so completely that she was able to hear the fiddle and danced all night to celebrate her recovery. It made her happier than her marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Japanese Dentists.

The Japanese dentist, says the New York Sun, does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All of his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired after long practice, but once it is obtained the operator is able to extract a half dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with pulling out pegs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of oak pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. A writer in the Union Medicalist says that no human jaw can resist the delicate but powerful manipulation of the Japanese dentist.

In the lead production of different countries Spain holds the first place, the amount reaching some 120,000 tons in one year, or one-sixth more than America, which comes next on the list, while Germany follows with 90,000. Of Spain's total production some 67,000 tons are derived from one district, that of Linares, in which more than 800 mines are registered.

Diamond Cutting.

The form into which a diamond is cut has great influence on its beauty and fire. The two most common are what are called the "brilliant" and the "rose," or "rosette." The latter, so named from its similarity to an unopened rosebud, was one of the earliest forms in use, and is applied generally to the cheaper kinds of stones.

It is a sort of pyramid, with a flat base, and inclined facets, terminating upward in a pointed apex. The flat base is embedded in the setting, and therefore in the rose diamond the whole of the stone appears projecting above.

The brilliant is the most valuable form. It may be considered as formed of two pyramids, connected together at their bases, with the apex of each truncated or cut off, and the sides worked into facets, as in the case of the rose. The stone is held in the setting at the broadest part, or junction of the pyramid, one pyramid projects upward in sight, the other is hidden below, so that only half the stone, or somewhat less, appears; but the hidden part is more powerfully effective in adding to the brilliancy.

The diamond cutter has to perform a most difficult undertaking, namely, to give about sixty symmetrical and regular faces to stones sometimes only an eighth of an inch diameter, without any mechanical aids whatever to his judgment; and yet producing, without a particle of unnecessary waste, the very largest stone geometrically possible out of the rough body. This, of course, can only be the result of great skill and long experience.

Having made one facet, he judges by his eye the exact angle at which the stone must be placed to cut the new one, and the exact depth to which the grinding for the latter must be carried; and so accurately is this done that it is very seldom a good workman ever has to revert to a facet for correction, after he has once passed it over.

Italian Barber Shops.

One of those curious sights, and few there are remaining in this modernizing time, that still remind the foreign visitor that Rome, if the capital of a new kingdom, still retains some few touches of the native life of mediæval Italy, may be seen on Sunday outside the Porta Angelica. There by the roadside on a peripatetic barber sets up his establishment and waits for his customers. That establishment is of the simplest character. Half a dozen chairs, a couple of assistants with their razors, straps, brushes, soap and basins, one little looking glass about six inches square and the needful umbrellas in case of rain. The customers are all countrymen—countrymen who come in from the wild Campagna to buy their weekly supply of groceries, to hear the news and to spend what surplus their small wages can afford. Shaving is to them a rare joy, and they set about it with a deliberation worthy of the event. The coat is carefully taken off and folded. The customer then has a good look in the glass at his stubby face and then submits himself to the razor. The barber performs with that skill and rapidity born of long practice which one admires in the dentist at the fair who draws teeth wholesale at a shilling each, with a reduction on a quantity. With a pleasant smile the countryman rises from his chair, compares his smooth, clean chin with its former state, drops his penny into the cash box and goes on his way rejoicing.

The Power in the Snow.

Consider that the depth of snow has relations not alone to fancy, but it is also a worker. We send abroad to the islands and the coast of South America to bring hither the stimulant that shall kindle new life in the wasted soils and bring forth new harvest, and yet from the unsullied air snow brings down fertility. In the endless wastes that are going on, exhaled gases, and from towns and cities multiplied forms that are phantoms wandering in the sky, get caught in the meshes of the snow, ammoniacal gases, and various others are brought down by it and laid upon the soil. And it has become a proverb that the snow, fresh and new-fallen, is the poor man's manure. It gathers again then the waste material of the earth, whose levity carries it above and rains with equal distribution over all the lands that which brings back to them their needed fertility. When the snow has covered the garden and hedge, is it a pall, is it a shroud or is it not swaddling clothes? The old, abandoned stalk, the brown and withered grass, no longer comely, it puts them to rest and is indeed a shroud. But underneath this is going on those processes that ere long shall bring forth all buds and all comely bloom and all ripening things. Underneath its twilight spring is preparing its work, without sound of wheel, without stroke of hammer; more is going on under the silent snow to-day and in the coming weeks than in all the smithies, than in all the factories, than in all the dwellings or shops upon the earth. And all the forces of nature, spring, winter, summer, the thousands of forces whose energy is irresistible, they all are hidden. The powers of God in the earth are all silent wonderworkers.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Trees and Lightning.

Professor Tyndall, in a recent lecture on electricity, produced the clothes of a man who was taking refuge under a tree when it was struck by lightning. It was a foolish thing, he observed, to go under a tree during an electric storm, unless a person stood some distance from the trunk. In this particular case, however, the man's clothes were very wet, and, though they were very much torn, they formed a sufficiently good conductor for the lightning, and he escaped with his life. Had his raiment been dry he would inevitably have been killed. Producing the man's boots, the lecturer pointed out that the uppers were torn to pieces by the electric fluid in its anxiety to reach the earth; but the sole, into the construction of which iron largely entered in the shape of hobnails, formed a good conductor and was not hurt.

All the ice that is used in Mexico comes from the top of Popocatepetl, is brought down the mountain on the backs of the natives, and then sixty miles on the cars to the city, where it is sold at wholesale for ten cents a pound. At the bar-rooms iced drinks are very expensive, and ice is seldom seen anywhere else.

Temperance Department.

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

On the night of Dec. 31, 1883, three young men sat around a tavern fire in Georgetown, a little Connecticut village. The three were grossly intoxicated and were watching the old year out. As the clock struck twelve one of the young men said:—

"Boys, the new year is here. Now let's swear off and form a temperance society."

The others, in a spirit of fun, agreed. The articles of association were then and there drawn up. They were similar to the rules of other temperance organizations, with one exception. The clause containing the pledge had the following penalty attached:

"And any one of us, who shall drink any intoxicating liquor, for any purpose whatsoever, between now and midnight of Dec. 31, 1884, shall be tarred and feathered."

This clause being known, obtained the club the name of "The Tar and Feather Temperance Society." Meetings of the society were frequently held. Gradually applications for membership began to pour in, and before six months had passed the society numbered thirty members.

The year of abstinence expired on Wednesday night, and a grand ball was given by the society, to which a large number of the best people of the place were invited. The ball was filled. At midnight the president announced that the pledge had expired. By a unanimous vote it was renewed for another year, and some twenty new names were added to the roll. The peculiar penalty proves an attractive advertisement, and the matter is the talk of the neighborhood. Nearly every resident wears the society's badge. The badge is a blue ribbon, with a lump of tar filled with chicken feathers attached.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

The Catholic total abstinence societies of Chicago held their second annual convention in that city on the eleventh instant. The following is an extract from the address of the president, the Rev. James H. Hagau:—

"No man of our day and country will deny that intemperance is a great evil, and, indeed, the giant evil of the age. It is a great pool whose steaming waters fill the land with a moral miasma which produces hydra-headed crime as fatally as the malaria of foul and murky marshes produces fever and ague. The first statesman of England, Hon. William E. Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons, said: 'Intemperance inflicts more injury upon the world than war, pestilence and famine combined.' The land reels with drunkenness, and it riots on earth like a demon let loose among men; bringing ruin upon countless individuals, despair to the hearts of innumerable wives and mothers; changing homes which are created by love into dens of misery and hate; filling asylums with orphans to whom the deaths of fathers and mothers come as a blessing; turning loose the spirit of lust and murder; obscuring the brightest minds, and withering the most generous hearts."

THE VOICE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The pastoral letter of the archbishops and bishops of the United States, assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, to the clergy and laity of their charge, contains the following strong and important utterances upon the subject of temperance:—

"There is one way of profaning the Lord's day which is so prolific of evil results that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the day of the Lord into a day of dissipation, to use it as an occasion for besetting intemperance. While we hope that Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and of country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic, nor to patronize or countenance it. And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flock that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon, as soon as they can, the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

And here it behooves us to remind our working men, the bone and sinew of the people, and the specially beloved children of the church, that if they wish to observe Sundays as they ought, they must keep away from drinking places on Saturday night. Carry your wages home to your families, where they rightfully belong. Turn a deaf ear, therefore, to every temptation; and Sunday will be a bright day for all the family. How much better this than to make it a day of sin for yourselves and of gloom and wretchedness for your homes by a Saturday night's folly or debauch. No wonder that the Prelates of the Second Plenary Council declared that 'the most shocking scandals which we have to deplore spring from intemperance.' No wonder that they gave a special approval to the zeal of those who, the better to avoid excess, or in order to give good example, pledge themselves to total abstinence. Like them we invoke a blessing on the cause of temperance, and on all who are laboring for its advancement in a true Christian spirit. Let the exertions of our Catholic temperance societies meet with the hearty co-operation of pastors and people; and not only will they go

BOSTON BRANCH

TEA & GROCERY HOUSE,

Main Street, Lexington.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL.

The people of Lexington and vicinity will be pleased to learn that Groceries can now be purchased AT HOME as cheaply as in BOSTON.

Please Give us a Call.

WE AIM TO SUPPLY EVERY DEMAND OF A FIRST CLASS TRADE AT

BOTTOM PRICES.

far towards strangling the monstrous evil of intemperance, but they will also put a powerful check on the desecration of the Lord's day, and on the evil influences now striving for its total prostration."

THE CHURCH MUST BEAR TESTIMONY.

Bishop Foster, at the recent Centennial Conference of Methodists at Baltimore, used the following language:—

"The church of to-day, much more the church of the future, must take to its heart the duty of combining and massing its forces against that gigantic atrocity, that diabolical conspiracy, that nameless 'monstrum horrendum' of Christian civilization that mothers nine-tenths of the woes and sorrows which blight and curse our modern age,—the traffic in intoxicants, which hides its deformity under forms or law. How long shall the face of our Christian age blister with this worse than pagan shame! Has the virtue of our time degenerated so low that we do not even blush at the legislated traffic in the souls of our own children? That by the very doors of our homes and our temples an army of miscreants should, by authorization of laws made by Christian law givers, prosecute a work of murder and death? Are we reduced to the shame of admitting that a civilization that has grown up about our altars is impotent to cure the evil? How can we go to the heathen with this cancer of worse than heathen infamy festering in our bosoms? Our church from the first has borne testimony against it, but we must renew our protest with louder and more solemn emphasis until our land is rescued. The exorcism of this demon, this vampire, that has seized and preys on the very vitals of the nation, demands the combined energy of the church and the government."

TEMPERANCE TEXT BOOKS.

The following is an extract from the report of Hon. E. E. Higbee, superintendent of public instruction for the State of Pennsylvania, for the year ending June 2, 1884:—

We have been urged to press upon your attention the necessity of requiring in all the public schools of the State the use of some text book upon the evil effects of alcohol upon the human system, with the hope that it will aid in banishing from our midst the widespread miseries of drunkenness. Of course, already in the moral restraints and discipline of our schools the virtue of temperance has been a matter of careful attention, and the effort has been to give to our young such measure of self-control as may keep them from the thousand temptations to vice in all its varying forms.

But the children, as they leave school, are often thrown at once into the midst of a depraved social life, crowded with all the gilded fascinations of evil which overmasters the instructions of home and school. All the forces, therefore, that can be used to fortify the will to resist the evil and gain strength for the good, ought to be brought to bear upon children in the schools as well as at home. One of these forces in aid of temperance is a clear knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol upon the body, and through it upon the mind. Such knowledge will deepen the fear of transgression by keeping in view its dreaded consequences, and thus serve, to some extent, at least, to strengthen the reproving voice of conscience which challenges the will to pause before plunging into such an abyss. We are glad, therefore, to see that in many of our text books on physiology and hygiene this subject is made especially prominent, and that in this way it has been, or is now, more and more entering into the instruction of the school. This instruction, however, may be made more definite and universal by requiring, through an act of the Assembly, that it shall be given in every public school of the Commonwealth, as part of the regular curriculum."

Heart disease will yield to the use of Dr. Graves' heart regulator. Thirty years has proved it specific in all forms of heart disease. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass. \$1.00 per bottle.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

HARRY L. ALDERMAN,

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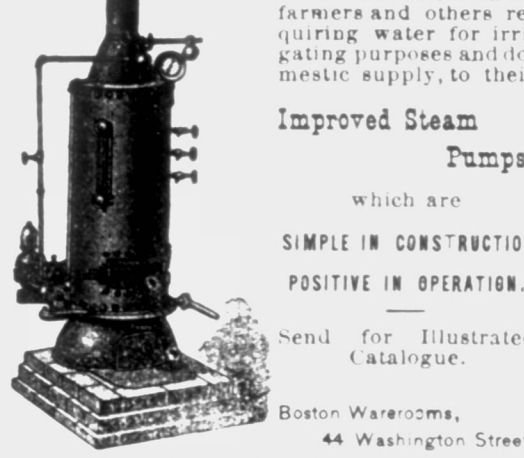
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\$200,000 in presents given away. Send five cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents, with each box Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay, start now. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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BY THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

The king of rivers has a dolorous shore,
A dreadful dominion of cypress trees,
A gray bird rising forevermore,
And drifting away toward the Mexican
seas;—
A lone bird seeking for some lost mate,
So dolorous, lorn and desolate.

The shores are gray as the sands are gray;
And gray are the trees in their cloaks of
moss;—

That gray bird rising and drifting away
Slow dragging its weary long legs across—
So weary, just over the gray wood's brink,
It wears one, body and soul, to think.

These vast gray levels of cypress wood,
The gray soldiers' grave; and so, God's
will—

These cypress trees' roots are still running
blood;

The smoke of battle in their mosses still—
That gray bird wearily drifting away
Was startled some long since battle day.

—Joaquin Miller, in the Current.

THE LUCKY SHOT.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery
host of the "Traveler's Rest," as he as-
sisted me to take off my heavy riding
coat.

"Very wet, indeed," I replied. "I've
had my share of it during my thirty
miles ride to-day."

My host conducted me to a room
with a cheery fire burning in the grate,
and having been served with a good hot
supper, I began to feel more comfortable.
I drew my chair up to the fire, encased
my feet in a pair of easy slippers and
filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet
smoke, when I was disturbed by the en-
trance of my host.

"Won't you join the company in the
next room, sir? We have a social club
held here twice a week, and perhaps
they may amuse you during the evening."

"With pleasure," I replied. So, tak-
ing my pipe I followed my
landlord into the large room, which was
almost filled with a numerous company.
At the moment of my entrance they were
listening with evident satisfaction to a
story told by one of their number. My
host briefly introduced me, and I took a
chair close to the story-teller, and pre-
pared to enjoy my smoke.

"Now, Mr. White, you must begin
your story again, in honor of the gentle-
man. So Mr. White recommenced.

"You must know, gentlemen," he be-
gan, "that the scene of my tale lies in
Australia, just about the time of the gold
fever there."

The tones of the speaker's voice seemed
familiar to me, and I gave him a search-
ing look. What did I see? The lobe of
his left ear was missing. I half started
from my seat, upsetting a glass at my
elbow, and startling the company gener-
ally.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen; a sudden
spasm—that is all," I stammered out.
"It is the same man," I soliloquized.

"I was supplied with a fresh glass, and
Mr. White resumed:

"Well, I was only a young fellow at
the time, and got bitten by the gold fever
like many other people beside. Every
paper contained dazzling accounts of the
riches to be found in that far-off land, so
at last I made up my mind to go and try
my luck. When I told Mary, she cried,
and tried to dissuade me, but it was of
no use; I was determined; and soon after
left home for London, where I entered
my name on the books as a steerage
passenger on board the clipper-built
liner, Australasia."

"Mary was his sweetheart," inter-
rupted my left-hand neighbor.

"I well remember the day we sailed.
The scene at the docks was very affecting.
Husbands were parting from wives,
brothers from sisters, fathers from chil-
dren, young fellows from their sweet-
hearts, and I was not sorry when the tug
towed us out to sea. We were a motley
company. There were representatives of
all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken
down lawyers, students, clerks, and a
sprinkling, too, of the hangers on about
town, and even a couple of Methodist
ministers. All were going to try their
fortunes in the New Eldorado. We had
had very good weather during our voy-
age, and I suffered but little from sea-
sickness. I made many acquaintances, but
there was one man I took an aversion to.
He was called Wapping Bill. He was a
tall, broad shouldered fellow with a great
shock of red hair and a close cropped
beard; a pair of small ferret-like eyes
that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy
eyebrows when any one addressed him,
and an expression that showed him to be
the reverse of a quiet and respectable
man.

"In due time we arrived at Melbourne.
It was then a mere collection of wooden
houses and hastily thrown-up shanties, and
was peopled by representatives from nearly
all civilized nations on the face of the
earth. Twenty of us formed a party,
bought some tools, and proceeded to
the diggings on foot. Arriving
there, we bought claims, and set to work
to unearth the long-talked-of gold. My
chum was a steady-going young fellow,
called Sandy—a Scotchman. We dug a
shaft, hauled up the gold-bearing earth,
and washed it in a large box with plates
full of holes. The water washed away
the earth, leaving the gold in the form
of nuggets and dust on the plates. For
a week or so we found little or nothing,
and my golden dreams began to wane.
Then one morning, Sandy gave a shout
of joy, and hastily ascending the shaft,
I saw in the cradle several nuggets of
pure gold. I was half mad with delight,
and for the rest of the day I worked
with the energy of two men. Before
nightfall we had more than twenty ounces
of small nuggets and dust. We
stitched it up in small canvas bags, and
hid it for safety in the floor of the tent.
We went on this way for months, then
our claim began to give out.

"Just about this time a convoy was
going to Melbourne to take some gold to
the bank there. We therefore agreed to
send some of ours to be deposited in the
bank and get notes in exchange. When
we got to the place of starting I was
surprised to see, among the mounted
troopers forming the escort, my shock-
headed voyager. I mentioned my dis-
trust of him to my chum; and in
consequence we only sent half of the
intended quantity. The fellow evidently
knew I distrusted him, for when I went
up with our parcel he gave a malicious
look that boded me no good. The

escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-
armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon,
and they left early in the morning for
their destination. We gave them three
ringing cheers at the boundaries of the
camp, and wished them a safe return. I
had a singular foreboding that I had seen
the last of my gold, but I mentioned my
fears to none but my chum.

"The day following I went to Mat
Dunn's drinking hut—a place frequented
by the lucky finders and loafers—to hear
the day's news. The saloon was full of
diggers. Some were discussing the day's
finds; others were playing poker, the
stakes being nuggets of dust; the major-
ity were standing at the bar drinking
and smoking. I called for a drink,
filled a short cutty, and took a seat
among the card-players.

"Well, Tom, how's your luck?" said
a broad shouldered Yorkshireman who
had come over with me.

"Very poor at present," I replied.

"Have a ha'p'd then, man; winning
dust at poker is better than digging."

"I joined the game and played a while.
At last one of the players threw up his
hand and said he was cleaned out, so,
thinking it might be my turn soon, I
stopped. I finished my glass and pre-
pared to leave the room. Just as I got
to the door a burly digger came rushing
in, almost upsetting me, and uttered the
most frightful oaths. The entire saloon
was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers
and knives were drawn, and a dozen
voices shouted out, 'What's the matter?'

"Matter enough!" cried the invading
digger, with another volley of expletives.
'The escort's been attacked, and the gold
is gone!'

"Words fail to describe the scene
that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair,
danced and raved like madmen. When the
tumult was somewhat subsided, I man-
aged to make out that the wagon had
been attacked in the dead of night, by
a party of armed rangers. A night had
been killed, and the gold had been taken.
The attack had evidently been pre-
arranged, for half the troopers had
been 'drugged,' and were consequently
unable to fight. Three of them were re-
ported missing. Wapping Bill among
the number. I went off to our tent and
told Sandy. 'You're right about the
villain, but we'll be even with him yet.'

"We went back to the saloon, where
we found nearly all the diggers assem-
bled, listening to an account of the affair
from one of the troopers. It appeared
that shortly after leaving the camp the
axletree of the wagon broke, neces-
itating a stoppage. Night came on and
found them still delayed by the broken
wagon. Rain fell and some of the troop-
ers took a little spirits to keep out the
cold. About midnight the troopers who
were acting as sentries were alarmed by
the rush of half a dozen mounted bush-
rangers. They endeavored to wake up
the others, but they were overpowered
and fastened to the trees. The contents
of the wagon were divided among the
gang, and they soon rode off followed by
Wapping Bill and the three troopers. In
the morning the bound troopers managed
to awake the others by their cries, and
then it was found by their condition
that the spirits must have been drugged,
hence their inability to offer any resistance.

"We held a hasty council and decided
to send to a station four miles away for
fresh troopers. By means of a fleet
messenger a search party was organized,
and they left the camp two hours later,
preceded by the black trackers to point
out the trail. Luckily I managed to be
enrolled among the party, much to my
satisfaction. I had a score to settle with
Wapping Bill and I intended to give a
good account of him if we met. We
numbered twenty resolute, well-armed
fellows, carrying revolvers and knives,
while the twelve troopers with us had
riders in addition.

"We proceeded first to the place of
encounter. We found the wagon drawn
off the track and overturned. The black
tracker soon took up the trail and we went
into the bush in Indian file. Our progress
was necessarily slow, but we were
quite certain of coming up with the
rangers at last. We followed the blacks
for a couple of hours, then one of them
set up a warning cry, and we rushed for-
ward. In the center of an open glade
we saw the body of a man laid upon the
ground. Scattered around were bits of
canvas and grains of gold glittered in
the grass. Examining the body we re-
cognized it to be a person some of us had
seen hanging about the camp for a few
days previous to the starting of the
escort. A small blue hole in his forehead
told what had happened. Evidently a
dispute had arisen among the rangers
and this poor fellow had been shot for
his obstinacy. We again took up the trail
and proceeded. The bush now became
less dense, and we made greater progress.
About a mile further on one of the blacks,
who was some hundred yards ahead,
suddenly dropped flat on the grass, and
gave us a warning signal. Advancing
cautiously to his side, we peered through
the bushes. Down in a hollow were six
bushrangers, seated around a small fire.
Their horses were tethered near them, and
various packages were scattered about.
Our plans were soon laid. We made a
detour and completely surrounded them.
I crept quietly through the underwood,
intending to reach a tree, which grew
about twenty yards from the fire of the
bushrangers. Suddenly a hand was laid
on my shoulder. I hastily turned and
saw a tall ranger close by my side. He
grasped me by the collar, and presented
a revolver to my forehead.

"One sound and I'll blow your brains
out," he hissed.

"Resistance was useless, so I submit-
ted. He disarmed me, flung me on the
ground and fastened my hands behind
me with a cord he pulled from his pocket.
He then went a few yards away to
warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a
ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and the
usual noise of a hand-to-hand encounter.
Giving a short and sudden wrench I got
loose and rushed forward to see the re-
sult of the fight. Just as I advanced I
heard two shots fired, almost simultane-
ously, and a bullet just shaved my head.
I clapped my hand on my left ear.
Heaven! the lobe was shot away. An-
other inch and I should have been killed.
'Rather a narrow shave, that,' said
one of the troopers, coming forward. 'I
just saw the fellow drawing a bead on
you when I dropped him.'

"I went forward and found the victory
had been ours. Three of the rangers
had been shot down, one of them Wap-
ping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay
on the ground, whilst one had escaped.
Judge Lynch soon settled the two pris-
oners.

"We recovered all our gold and made
preparations for our return. We gave
the dead a hasty burial, easing them of
course, of all valuables, etc. I found a
pocketbook on the body of my would-be
slayer, and from it gleaned a full account
of the gang. From information therein
contained Sandy and I some weeks later
made a little expedition of our own to a
place in the bush, where we found quite
a collection of nuggets and dust—the
result of many months of a bushranger's
life. As it was impossible to restore the
treasure to its lawful owners we were
obliged to keep it. We returned to the
camp, and in consideration of our suc-
cessful efforts, we received a share of the
gold. Some months later I left the
diggings, and returned home, married
Mary, and settled down here. I ought
to add that I gave the trooper who
so bravely saved my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake.
I have never seen him since; but if ever
I do, he shall be welcomed as a king.
Such, gentlemen, is the story of the
'Lucky Shot.'

The hearty thanks of the company
were devoted to Mr. White for his story,
and the company drank the trooper's
health.

"You never saw him after?" I asked
Mr. White.

"Never, sir."

"Could you recognize him if you were
to see him?" I asked.

"I can't say; he may have altered con-
siderably, but I should recognize the
ring immediately."

"Then is that it?" said I, putting out
my right hand, on the little finger of
which was the identical ring.

"It is, and you are Jack Fox?"

"I am, and I am exceedingly glad to
meet an old friend once more."

Loud were the exclamations of joy at
this disclosure. I accepted Mr. White's
invitation to stay with him for a short
time, and I must admit that I spent some
very happy hours in "The Traveler's
Rest."

A Famous Inventor's Rise.

In a letter from Fargo, Dakota, to the
St. Paul Pioneer Press we find the follow-
ing: On the train from Bismarck to
this city I met J. P. Rossiter, who had
charge of all the Northern Pacific rolling
stock between Fargo and Livingston.
Speaking of electrical inventions and
improvements, Mr. Rossiter said he
knew Prof. Elisha Gray very well. "We
both worked at the same bench in a cab-
inet-maker's shop in Oberlin, Ohio, in
1854. His genius was a part of his
birthright. I remember well his coming
to the shop one day with his face badly
cut by glass with which he had been ex-
perimenting in the mixture of chemicals.
We worked a year or two together, and
then Gray married Delia Shepherd. I knew
her well, and she lived only a mile west
of Oberlin. After that he moved on to
her mother's farm, and commenced ped-
dling milk and making butter. This he
continued until he demonstrated his in-
ability to make a profit, and succeeded in
compelling his mother-in-law to mort-
gage her farm and sacrifice her property,
whereupon he began the study of tele-
graphing and of telegraph instruments,
something that he before knew nothing
about.

Two or three years he spent in fool-
ing with an old instrument, until his
poverty increased to such an extent
that his wife had to appeal to friends
and neighbors for the necessities of life.
For weeks he would hardly speak to her,
and the impression became prevalent
that he was not in his right mind. One
morning he returned from his work room
with a smile and said: "Delia, I've got
it," and at once commenced a long dis-
sertation upon the advantages of "a
self-adjusting helix." So incomprehen-
sible were his statements to the uncom-
plaining wife that she rushed off to the
pastor of her church and confidentially
told him that her worst fears were now
confirmed, and there was no longer any
question of her husband's insanity.

While appropriate action to be taken
in the case was being discussed Gray
slipped down to Cleveland, showed his
invention to some capitalists and manu-
facturers and sold a half interest in the
same for \$250,000 cash before re-
turning home. When last I saw him he
was a millionaire, had traveled around
the world with his wife, and had taken
out his nineteenth patent.

Artificial Stones.

The ruby and sapphire have been
closely imitated by Frey and Fell, two
French chemists, and the chief interest
in this process is the fact that the arti-
ficial stones possess essentially the chemi-
cal composition of the real ones. To pro-
duce this, equal weights of alumina
and red lead are heated to a red heat in
an earthenware crucible. A vitreous
substance is formed, which consists of
silicate of lead and crystals of white
corundum. To convert this corundum
into the artificial ruby it is necessary to
fuse it with about two per cent. of bichro-
mate of potassium, while, to obtain the
sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt and a
very small quantity of bichromate of
potassium must be employed. The
stones so produced possess at least very
nearly the hardness of the real stones,
they scratch both quartz and topaz. The
French "paste," which imitates the di-
mond so closely, is a peculiar kind of
glass, the manufacture of which was
brought to a great degree of perfection
some fifty years ago by Donauld-Wieland,
of Paris. The finest quality of paste de-
mands extreme care in the choice of
materials and in melting, etc. The basis
of it, in the hands of the expert manu-
facturer just named, was powdered rock
crystal or quartz. The proportions he
took were six ounces of rock crystal,
nine ounces two drams of red lead, three
ounces three drams of pure carbonate of
potash; three drams of boric acid and
six grains of white arsenic. The product
thus manufactured was extremely beau-
tiful, but rather expensive, compared with
the prices now charged for artificial
jewels. It has never been surpassed in
brilliance, but of late years the greater
purity of the potash and lead oxide used,
and the improvements in the furnaces
and methods of heating them, have all
tended to reduce the price of the "di-
monds" thus manufactured.—*Chambers's
Journal.*

MOMENTS FOR MERRIMENT.

HUMOROUS STORIES FOUND IN QUE EXCHANGES.

Storm Signals.—Everything in Luck—
Caught—The Law All on Both
Sides—Buying Lace.

"How dy do, Mr. Brown, nice weather
we're having?"

"Yes, but there'll be a change soon."

"Think so?"

"Yes, know it."

"Why? Morning papers say so?"

"No; saw the storm signal."

"Where?"

"Look up street at that gate; see the
red headed woman up there waving a
dish rag at me? That's my wife."

—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Everything in Luck.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled as he held
up a ten pound turkey for the inspection
of a pedestrian, "but do you see this?"

"Ah—yes. Buy him?"

"No, sir—e! I won him!"

"How?"

"Got him on a raffle."

"Yes—e. How long you been at it?"

"Not over three months."

"Is this your first?"

"Yes."

"Any idea of how much it cost you?"

"Of course—got it all down here in
my notebook. This bird, sir—this bird
has cost me \$17—not a cent over that.
I know men who have thrown away \$25
without getting so much as the leg of a
chicken, while I've a ten pound turkey
for \$17. Luck! Ah—ha! Um!"

—*De-troit Free Press.*

Caught.

The tocsin sounds from the tower. It
is my hour to put peas in my shoes and
walk around the block until tea time,
for telling a book canvasser yesterday
that I had just received a copy of the
book, "Forest Footprints of the Algon-
quians," from the author, who was an old
college chum and an army comrade of
mine. The agent looked me in the eye,
while, with many courteous regrets I
made this statement, and then, turning
to the steel portrait of the author on the
title page, asked me if I could recognize
my old chum and army comrade.

It was the face of a motherly looking
woman of about 65, and a foot note
stating that she died among the Indians
in the winter of 1829.

Dearly beloved, my sins never count
anything against me. I always get
caught.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Law All on Both Sides.

"Mr. Lawyer, I want to ask you a
question," said a countryman with a
bandage about his head, to one of our
most honorable lawyers.

"Yes, sir; take a seat. What is the
nature of the case?"

"Waal, if you wer a huntin' on your
naber's premises an' he'd tell you to git
off or he'd knock you off, and you
wouldn't go, and then he'd try to knock
you off, could ye bring suit agin' him for
tryin' to knock you off?"

The lawyer then looked at the band-
age around the man's head and replied,
in an emphatic way:

"Most assuredly; and collect heavy
damages."

"Waal, then, I reckon I won't do
nothin' more about it."

"Why, why not, my friend? You
could certainly get heavy damages. The
law is all on your side."

"I reckon not, mister. You jist now
said the law was the other way."

"How's that? I probably misunder-
stood the case."

"Well the feller come in my orchard
and was shootin' rabbits when I ordered
him off; but he wouldn't go. So I went
at it to knock him off, but I got the
worst of it, as ye can see. I reckon he
must be one of these 'ere boxin' fellers."

"Ah, ahem! Yes; just so. That
puts the case in another light. Of
course you can sue him for trespass and
assault and battery."

"Waal, I reckon I won't do no more
in the matter, as you said he can also
bring suit agin' me and collect heavy
damages."

"No, hold on, Don't go. You've
got the law all on your side."

"So has the other feller. Good day,
sir."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Buying Lace.

She was fond of lace. I had heard
her talk of lace and lace it should be.
So I marched boldly into a swell dry
goods store, with a good deal of style
and a small amount of money. The dry
goods man I knew. The boss waited on
me himself and seemed more than friend-
ly when I confided to him that I pro-
posed to buy something in lace for a lady.

I said: "Something in lace."

"I was afraid I should look ridiculous
if I gave it any particular form or appli-
cation."

"Good?"

"Certainly; as good as you can give
me. Something fit for an impressiona-
ble young woman, of whom you're not
quite sure."

"All right; I presume you don't want
anything but the real thing?"

"I would not dream of it. Expense is
not so much an objection." I did not
really mean that. He smiled and led me
into a corner.

"You're a friend of mine," said he;
"you shall have something choice."

"I am glad I came here," said I to
myself.

Some ladies who had overheard the
word lace gradually approached the cor-
ner and began to display an indifference
to the proceeding. My friend brought
a box, a plain looking paper box, and
opened it.

"Now here's something good."

A suppressed murmur of admiration
arose from the ladies around us.

"Ah, that is something worth buying,"
said I with an air of a connoisseur,
beginning to feel for a \$20 gold piece I
had somewhere.

"Do you like this? Well, I won't tell
you what we sell it at, but as you are a
friend and I don't want to make anything
out of you—"

"You're a good fellow. Some day I
will—"

"I can let you have it for \$2,000."

I usually have considerable presence
of mind. I hadn't it with me at that
moment. My face betrayed me, and a
grim began to spread over the features of
the ladies. In a moment I recovered.

"I will take that—" The ladies started
and examined me all over. The facetious
dry goods man started. "Box," said I
aside, "and you can put in two holes out
of the pattern."—*San Francisco Chroni-
cle.*

A Caffre Chief's Adventure.

It is a question if there ever was a hero
of a gulch or prairie scene, who exhibited
more pluck and fortitude, or more in-
ventive genius than the hero of the fol-
lowing "o'er true tale." It is but a part of
the story of a Caffre chief from the Zulul.
It occurred on an island near South Af-
rica, among the rocks and caves of which
he was trying to hide away from his
pursuers:

"A week had passed since I had pro-
cured the gun and some assagies from
the place where the Zulul had ambushed
the white men, and I had seen no
signs of a human being; but I knew
to well the enemy by whom I had
been captured, not to be aware, that if
he intended to recapture me, he would
lie concealed for many days, watch-
ing for a chance of surprising me. My
intention was to support life
until a ship came from Natal, for I con-
cluded that when the schooner which had
escaped reached Table Bay and informed
the authorities there that the Zulul had
overrun Natal, some steps would be taken
to obtain at least information as to what
had since occurred. Thus I lived in
daily hope of seeing a sail, and once
more joining white men.

"One night I had retired to my hut
and had slept till the dawn began to
show, when I awoke with a strange feel-
ing of oppression and weight on my
chest. My gun was close beside me, and
my knife within reach of my hand. For
a moment I was not aware what was the
cause of the singular feeling I experi-
enced, and I opened my eyes without
otherwise moving. In the dim light I
saw that which for an instant, caused my
heart to cease beating. Over my chest
was the coil of a rock snake, this coil
being bigger round than my thigh. I
could see that the tail of the snake was
outside my small hut, and in consequence
of my lying on the ground the huge rep-
tile had not been able to coil completely
around me. I knew I was in imminent
danger, and I also at once
decided on the safest and most
probable means of escape. Moving my
arms slowly, I grasped my knife, and
then raising my head, saw the snake's
eyes within two feet of mine. His head
was on the ground and so close that I
could lift my hand above it. I carried
out this movement very slowly, the
snake remaining motionless. Then, with
a sudden stab, I drove my long knife
through the snake just where his head
joined his neck and pinned him to the
ground. With a struggle I slipped from
under his body, and now the fight began.
So tenacious of life are these reptiles
that, although I had separated his head
from his body as regards the vertebrae,
yet he twisted and rolled the great coils
of his body so rapidly and powerfully
that several times he had surrounded my
legs with a loop, and it was only by a
quick movement on my part that I
escaped the danger of being inclosed in
a vice-like embrace. I succeeded, how-
ever, in avoiding its coils and suddenly
scrambled out of the hut, leaving the
snake in possession."

Lassoing Wild Elephants.

As soon as the jungle had been to
some extent chopped and trampled down
so as to give a clear field for action, half
a dozen tame elephants, with mahouts
and noosers, were sent in to noose the
wild elephants. The noosers managed
with great skill the throwing of a stout
rope made into a loop—as a cowboy
uses his lariat—so as to catch each wild
elephant in turn by a hind leg. The
rope would be made fast at the other end
to one of the tame elephants. As soon
as the tame brute would feel that a catch
had been made it would start off at a
slow, deliberate, cool and unconcerned
gait in the direction of the grand stand,
where tying up was done, dragging be-
hind it the captured animal. An ele-
phant hauled along backward by one ex-
tended hind leg is at a serious disadvan-
tage. It cannot claw and hold on to the
ground with any great effect. About all
it can do is to bellow, and that it does
do energetically and woefully. When-
ever one made any great effort at resist-
ance a second tame elephant followed
along, pushing with his trunk against the
struggling creature. Then

(Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON LETTER.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1885.

The women are here again, calling attention to their rights. Year after year, for sixteen years, prominent lights of the sisterhood have rallied at the national capital to renew their demand for suffrage and to review the trials and triumphs which the cause has undergone in the twelve months since last they met. They do not receive overwhelming encouragement at the White House on Capitol hill or in political conventions, but they are undaunted, and insist that the cause is growing, growing every day. It is, alas! too true that the locks are growing whiter, and that age and death have devastated their ranks, but new recruits come forward every year. Then there are more school trustees and deputy marshals and post mistresses and common council women and jury women among their numbers. So the struggle goes bravely on and the spark of hope is kept alive. In convention, they adopted resolutions rejecting as dogmas of Judaism the teaching that woman was an afterthought of creation, that her sex was a misfortune, and that marriage was a condition of subordination. And further called upon the Christian ministry, as leaders of thought, to enforce the idea that in true religion there is neither male nor female, neither bond nor free, but all are one.

It was an interesting sight to observe the eager crowds that thronged the meetings just held here by evangelist Moody. High and low, rich and poor, saints and sinners,—literally all classes and conditions of men and women went, or tried to go. And as one watched the sea of faces one could not help wondering what had brought them there. Primarily, of course, it was the man himself, who has made himself familiar to half the globe. But no one, however indifferent or prejudiced, could listen to Mr. Moody long without feeling that he has power, or without understanding something of what it was that held and influenced the lowest and vilest people of Chicago or London, or the highest culture of Oxford and Cambridge. He is a man who feels that he has a message, and that nothing on earth is so important as to tell it. He is more than that. He is a man who feels that his message is greater than himself.

Congress has not accomplished much this week. The subjects that have come up for consideration have been dull, and both the Senate and the House devoted much time to obituary oratory over the late Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, and Representative Evans, deceased, of South Carolina. Indian appropriations have been discussed in the House, and the Oklahoma lands question has been before both branches of Congress. Thus the whole Indian question has been discussed, and no question, probably, is more provocative of talk. The fact that the best use the Indian can make of land is to lease thousands of acres to syndicates of cattle kings, at a few cents per acre yearly, while there are thousands of white people who have no land, and who would like to get some, has impressed legislators with the idea that Congress must take hold of the matter, not only for the purpose of taking care of the Indians, but for the purpose of taking care of the white people. Senator Vest, of Missouri, declares that Oklahoma belongs to the red men, and thinks the white settlers should be made to go; while Representative O'Neill, of Missouri, thinks there is no need of carrying the idea of sacredness of treaties to the verge of idiocy.

The favorite loafing place of Congressmen has been spoiled. The row of screens in rear of the seats in the House, behind which members collected to joke, tell stories and smoke, have all been taken away. The alleged reason was to promote ventilation, but the real object was to promote legislation. The next improvement will be electric bells connecting with each member's desk, and all the pages and officers of the House who now crowd around the speaker's platform will be relegated to the space behind the seats, where there will be indicators to direct them to the member who rings. Senator Garland, of Kansas, has left the city again, and Cabinet builders and aspirants are nonplussed by this second visit. Mr. Garland did not leave word that he was summoned to Albany, or authorize any one to state the character of his errand, but it is understood, nevertheless, that he was invited to confer again with Mr. Cleveland.

The work of preparation for the inauguration is being pushed along as rapidly as possible. The immense court of the unfinished pension building, where the inaugural ball is to be held, is now the problem before the committee. There is nothing about it now to indicate that it will be a proper setting by the fourth of March for plumes, beauty and brilliant costumes. The floor is now heaped with rubbish, the wind whistles through the gaping doorways and windows and stirs the dirt and sand into motion. Still a large force of workmen will make wonderful changes in the next few weeks.

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NEW ORLEANS LETTER.
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 16, 1885.

The United States Commissioners are unanimously in favor of urging their different legislatures to appropriate more money to help keep up the excellent displays started out there. There are many necessary articles to keep on hand which, being of a perishable nature, will have to be supplied with fresh invoices, consequently the importance of arranging therefor.

While the Exposition Park is thrown open to the public on Sundays, at 25 cents—half fare admission—when all departments are accessible, the machinery is not put in motion. Religious services are held in the Main building by different denominations, and also sacred concerts are held in Music Hall on Sundays.

Your correspondent will now try to give you a brief account of various State and Territorial exhibits to be followed up each week until the specialties in every State or Territory is described.

New Jersey is near New York in the southeast part of the building. Its exhibitions are presided over by Gen. C. H. Barney and Col. Weid. In educational interests this state is well advanced. It is also great in manufacturing, and the work of its artisans are seen all around. Fruits and canned goods are in large quantity and select quality; building timbers, neatly polished, attract the eye, and crockery and glass ware make a good showing. A comfortable reading room where all the papers from the east are kept on file, nice writing tables and easy chairs are provided for visitors. The commissioners have certainly done their duty towards the state they represent.

North Carolina, known as the Old North State, with Col. J. Turner Morehead, as commissioner, aided by Messrs. Bruner and Bloom, comes to the World's Exposition not to be downed by any in point of exhibits. The old turpentine still, which looks so familiar to a Carolinian, is seen beside a pine that has been boxed, from which the crude turpentine exudes. A little summer house manufactured from mica, attracts much attention; further on is one of grains and grasses; still another of many kinds of timber, as pretty as it is wonderful. The cypress trunk of a large tree from eastern Carolina, is capped with moss. The trunk is empty or hollow and makes a recess capable of holding a dozen men. For tobacco it excels in brightness and body. The world renowned Durham smoking tobacco, manufactured at Durham, near the centre of the state, stands unequalled.

The Kindergarten school is now in operation, and visitors to the Exposition each day can stand and watch the little ones under the care of Mrs. Ogden. The school room is encased in glass, so that the scholars and all they do can be watched by outsiders without their knowledge. All mothers take special notice of the Kindergarten.

Dakota, the great Territory that would make two big states, is in charge of commissioners McKenzie, Gingsby and Fleming, is making a fine display. One attraction is the towering pyramid of cereals surmounted by an ear of corn as large as the myth of "Jack and his wonderful bean" on the crest of which is a bald eagle. The Northwestern Elevator Co., of Fargo, have on exhibition a miniature elevator which is a facsimile of those now in use, which gives the spectators the idea of how easily the millions of bushels of wheat are handled so rapidly in the Northwest; also stacks of bags of flour, manufactured from the grain right where it grows. An Indian tepee or wigwam occupied by live Indians is first seen, then, a rude miner's cabin, then on, step by step, the spread by civilization is shown by agriculture, manufacture and the arts. A nice little park is arranged where are specimens (taxidermy) of all the animals, including the buffalo, now gone further west with the red man. The veritable express pony which was ridden across the plains for hundreds of miles to bear messengers and mail is here seen; also the white buffalo, a great rarity, the only one ever seen in Dakota. It is the property of James Hill, Prest. of the St. P. M. & M. Ry. This territory owns \$75,000,000 worth of school lands. Its collection of vegetables is worthy of notice.

The committee appointed at the mass meeting to raise the needed funds for transient expenses of the exposition, report satisfactory results.

Many of the relics of the Greely relief party have been placed on exhibition in the States department. Dummies are dressed up in the clothing worn by the men, and the old tent they used is erected, while the entire camping outfit is on view. The small boats from the Thetis and Bear, which first reached the Greely sufferers, have been placed with these much-viewed curiosities. It is hard to realize in a land where snow is unknown what suffering and death the Greely Relief exhibit represents.

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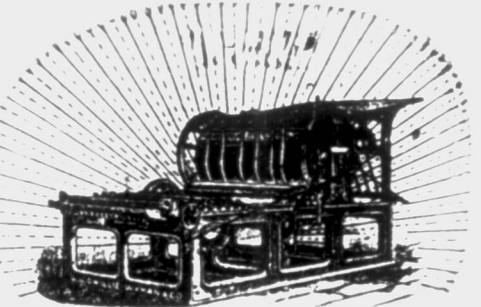
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ARLINGTON
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School Committee.—William A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, W. W. Rawson, Wm. E. Wood, Rev. Chas. H. Watson, James A. Bailey, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., R. W. Hopkins.
Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.
Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Warren A. Peirce.
Water Register, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.
Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Charles Gott, Chief Engineer.
George Hill, Jr., Matt. Rowe, 2d, Assts.
Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.
HIGHLAND HOSE, NO. 2.
Foreman, James Fermoyles; Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.
WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3.
Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.
MENDOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.
Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.
Eugene Meade, chief.
Mickel O'Brien, Garret Barry.
PUBLIC LIBRARY.
The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Swan's Block, Arlington Avenue.
The Reading Room is open from 3 to 6 and from 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M.
Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.
Wm. G. Peck, President.
The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock.
Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.
Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. G. G. Allen, assistant supt. Louis O. Locke, secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10.45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.
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Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor.
Sunday School at 9.30, H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10.45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.
Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector.
Morning prayer and sermon 10.30; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; Sunday School at noon.
PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.
Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Pastor.
Edwin Mills, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7.30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6.30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.
Rev. Thomas H. Shahan Pastor.
Rev. J. J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock, high mass at 10.30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45, under the care of pastor and assistants.
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.
Edward H. Cutter, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Mrs. Hawkins assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer. Charles S. Richardson. Librarian, Thomas Cook, assistant, Allen Perry. Director to Sunday School Union, Nellie Swan, Pianist, Carrie Higgins.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Union Hall, Arlington Heights.
Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Pastor in charge.
Expository discourse on S. S. Lesson at 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School at 12 m.; evening sermon at 7.30 p. m. John K. Simpson, Jr., superintendent. Mrs. T. S. Swadkins, secretary and treasurer.

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